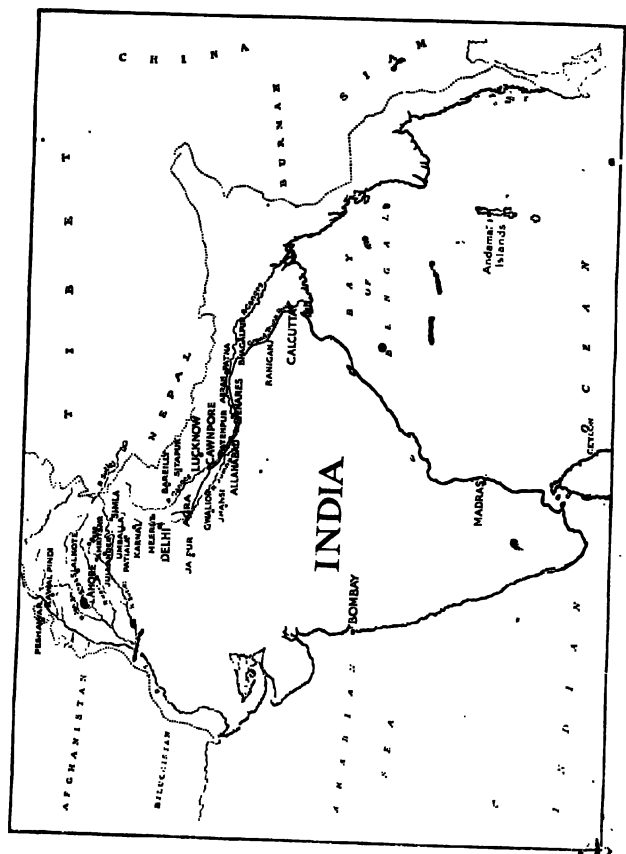


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**IN COMMEMORATION OF
THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE INDIAN MUTINY**

By
PERCEVAL LANDON
Author of "Lhasa" and "Under the Sun."

(Reprinted from *The Daily Telegraph*, 1907)

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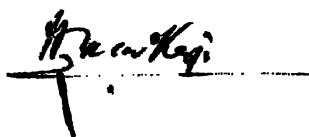
WITH AN APPENDIX
Containing the Names of the Survivors
of the Officers, Non-commissioned Officers
and Men who fought in India in 1857.
see p. 8. also 123.

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Pardip Baran Mahapatra.
Kollege Row, Calcutta.

INTRODUCTION

.. We are a race forgetful by instinct, and, perhaps, also by the stress of our ever-increasing interests and industries. After all, it is probably as well that we should not too often stay our course to look back, however complacently, over the years that are dead and gone. Yet now and then the time comes when the memory may well be reviewed of those days of agony or glory in which the endurance or the gallantry of another generation gave to us, their successors, the opportunities we have to-day, whether we use them well, or whether we use them ill. Apart from mere questions of gratitude or self-congratulation, we may, perhaps, thus catch at least some steadying sense of responsibility, for assuredly, whether we know it or not, we, in turn and in our own day, are handing down the self-same legacy to others, and it will be thanks to our diligence and courage that fifty years hence our successors' work also can be well done. Now of all the opportunities that have fallen to our share as a nation, there is one our use of which, when the final tale of our work is made up, may, perhaps, of itself redeem our race. The most hostile of our foreign critics is silent before our administration of India.

Almost it might seem that the blunt steadfastness of plain Englishmen had been fostered through centuries for this only end—that half across the globe, in the midst of a scorching mass of races, as alien to each other as to us, peace and justice should reign to-day at our command over a fifth of this world's inhabitants. But when we

ask, who are the men who have kept intact, and handed down to us these vast privileges, and these even vaster responsibilities—who are they who have preserved for us the splendid burden which we accept and bear with honour to-day ; the answer is that the last survivors of this great company are among us still, white-haired and too often infirm, but the very men who saved India from itself in 1857 when the tide of sedition from one end of Hindustan to the other washed round our posts and threatened to wipe away the trace of our rule in India as a wave washes down the sandcastles of a child on the beach and wipes away the last footmarks of those who made them.

It is surely a good thing before the last curtain falls to pay to those who saved India in desperate emergency this final honour of recognition, partly, indeed, for their own sakes, but much more for our own. The hair has whitened and the clear eye has dimmed, but—whether among the maze of hostile streets of Delhi or Lucknow, or in the open ; whether behind some pitiful dyke of sand bags, or hand-to-hand over the rebels' wall—these are the men who in our hour of utter need stood between the enemy's frantic assault and all that as a race we have been taught to hold of most account.

It may be that many a comfortable Londoner—whose daily bread may perchance find its origin in the East, and its permanence in the work done by these veterans fifty years ago—will have to look sharply into one of their time-worn faces to trace therein the hunger-pinched and grimy cheeks of some haggard soldier who flung himself beside Nicholson over the walls of Delhi or for the tenth time that day hurled back the rebel menace along the poor defences of Lucknow. Yet this old man stood all the while for more than in his wildest dream he could when conjecture, and the story of his work has not

been dimmed by the half-century that has intervened. It is hardly too much to say that all we hold and all we do in India to-day has for its foundation those men of whom the aged survivors will soon answer to the "assembly" for the last time of all.

To these survivors, this little book is dedicated.

P.L.

For the last time these veterans, or as many of them as can travel to London, will meet. On December 23rd, Lord Roberts will preside at a dinner to every survivor of 1857, and the *Daily Telegraph* has made itself responsible for the expenses of the commemoration. It is a project that reflects the utmost credit upon all concerned, and it will make the blood of every veteran in England course more warmly through his veins to know that the man who is helping to organise a last commemoration of one of the brightest pages in our history is Lord Roberts. No one can forget that it was Lieut. Roberts who, hurrying into Delhi on the morning of the recapture, found John Nicholson lying by the roadside hurt to death, and the old veterans know better than anyone the debt which this country has ever since owed to the Field-Marshal. By him, rather than by anyone else, they would wish to be paraded for this last roll-call, and it is by Lord Roberts they are now summoned.

These old soldiers know well that they stand for a number of comrades, of whom the greater part have long fallen asleep, and no memory at this dinner will evoke such solemn recognition as that which the commemoration of the dead of the Great Mutiny, in silence except for the echoes of the "Last Post" within the hall, will call forth. There will be present in the minds of everyone, not only the great and splendid names that ring through the years—not only the Lawrences and Nicholson, Havelock, Edwardes and Outram, Colin Campbell, Neill,

and Hodson—but the great mass also of those soldiers who went to their death in a silence which has hardly been broken to this day—simply doing their duty until the end came, whether they lost their lives in some splendid sortie, or were meanly picked off behind Wheeler's poor dykes at Cawnpore; whether they were hacked to death, or burned or drowned beside the massacre Ghat, or voluntarily blew themselves up with the Delhi Arsenal in one all-glorious moment of self-sacrifice; whether they fell by the way, as Havelock, with his little company of men possessed, fought through to the main succour of Cawnpore; or whether they died unknown and unburied, defending from the rebels to the last some sacred charge of English women or English children in the jungle.

These are the men who will once again be remembered when this last hour of recognition comes, men who are yet remembered silently in many homes. It is for the whole sum of the gallantry and endurance of our soldiers in a desperate hour of the Empire's life that these survivors stand to-day, and with a glorious difference in the meaning they re-echo to England the old cry, "Morituri te salutant."

J. Doyle Smithe.

No 439 on Medal Roll. p. 123.

CHAPTER I.

OUTBREAK OF THE MUTINY.

ALL through April the air had been heavy with some message which not a man in all India had the wit to read. Viceroy Canning, a man with that academic subtlety which has in every century lost or risked a nation, was busy reconciling with preconceived ideas the stern and illogical facts of a brewing storm. Napier was gone, angered by Dalhousie's strong but reckless policy; Anson, a worthy but too kindly soul, a trifle touched also by his Viceroy's defect of over-analysis, was in his place as commander-in-chief. The Adjutant-General of Bengal, Tucker, prophesied trouble, but was generally discounted in Calcutta as a well-meaning Cassandra. But we are apt to forget that Cassandra was right after all, and so was Tucker. At headquarters, Peter Grant alone had the experience of thirty years with which to supplement the uselessness of other councillors. Nicholson and Edwardes were on the frontier, Henry Lawrence in Lucknow. Of signs and portents—such as in after years were to be clearly and indignantly exposed by arm-chair critics—there were indeed many, but in what year of our occupation of India might the same thing not be said? Yet

it is worth a moment's pause in order to consider the two most elusive questions that were raised in all the course of the great Indian Mutiny—What was the cause of it, and ought it to have been foreseen.

For many years before the Mutiny fakirs and ash-marked sadhus had preached to the budding sedition of India one certain and consistent prophecy. "John Company" was doomed after the hundredth anniversary of Plassey and would vanish from the stage of India. After all, was it so much to prophecy? (Dynasties had come and gone upon the throne of Delhi. Persian and Afghan, Aryan and Mogul, all had strutted their brief moment, all had gone the way of their predecessors. India had tempted the greed of almost every conquering race in Asia or Europe—the prize looked such an easy one; it was to be had for the trouble of taking it. Yet race had succeeded race upon the shadowy throne of Delhi, and found no abiding place in spite of all the gold that the unresisting land provided for their comfort and splendour; one with the people they ruled they could not become, and no dynasty may otherwise endure.)

Just before the English set out under Dalhousie upon their sudden and relentless application of new methods of justice and commerce to a country that wanted neither, the last of the Mohammedan emperors, who had held the stage for so long, gave up the useless struggle and sat in squalid dissipation within the palace-fort of his ancestors

in Delhi, so effete and despised by his own kith, that the English never thought it worth while to put an end to the make-believe Court that was still permitted to assemble in the Diwan-i-am. There was no delusion left from one end of India to another. The English were the rulers, and Dalhousie's recapture of the Punjab and his sweeping annexations of Satara, Jhansi, and other places prepared the people for the great coup-d-main by which the kingship of Oude was put an end to without warning and that Augean kingdom cleansed with merciless activity.

But the common folk flinched in terror from these tremendous changes. Where would they end? Of the three great lieutenants of the Moguls one only was left. The King of Oude was gone, the Peshwa of Poona's life had flickered out a few years before, and those who had succeeded to the revenues of his dominions had scouted the rights of adoption. Therein lurked the bitterest resentment of all. No longer was a man's religion safe from these English Christians, who would stick at nothing to obtain converts. A rumour ran up the Grand Trunk Road from village to village that the Lord Sahib had tried to outcaste whole regiments at a time by ordering them to cross the black water. Hindustan shuddered at the blasphemy, and the village elders, who had sucked no small advantage out of the bad old days, fanned the flame with malice and skill. India—the old unchanging, underlying mass of the people, tractable, ignorant, super-

stitious, and made to be the drawers of wood and drawers of water to others—turned in her sleep and waited in miserable suspense for the tale of the next outrage.

It came soon enough, and India awoke. The news flashed through the country from end to end of a foul and heartless trick that the Sirex had played upon its trusting servants. In order to break the caste of its faithful soldiers, and thus make easier for them the road to the hateful Christian church, cartridges greased with the fat of cows and of swine were being served out. The mere order of an officer might at any moment damn the souls of a company of a hundred men. This was too much to be borne; this duplicity was disgraceful to the point of incredibility, were it not that a hundred witnesses were ready with incidents which proved it to the hilt. Military Hindustan for a whole month crouched silently over its evening fires. In place of the characteristic and cheery hubbub of voices, all talking and none listening, the groups over the cooking-pans maintained a sullen silence, except now and then when a loud voice called out upon the wrongs of the native or invoked fire from heaven upon these hated strangers.

At last the brewing revolution took definite shape. India seemed alive with wanderers. Bediyas, Nuts, Mangs, all the flotsam of Indian nomadism, set themselves adrift through the Ganges Valley, and as they passed on from district to district, from village to village, they left

behind them a symbol probably as meaningless as it was effective, one of the small, flat, round cakes of unleavened bread, well known in India as a chupatty. Whether there was any central organisation for this sending of the fiery cross will never be known. No message accompanied the chupatty; unmarked itself, it could tell no tale, appoint no date, indicate no place of meeting. Perhaps, as ever, its very mystery did more than the minutest instruction. "Omne ignotum pro magnifico" is a proverb true especially of the Indian character, and the sign was passed on from end to end of Bengal as proof that the time was fulfilled and the deliverance of the people at hand.

Little could be found out by the white men. It was clear on all sides that trouble was imminent, but of definite knowledge there was none. Probably there was nothing definite to know, but the widened gulf between the rulers and the ruled now operated sorely against the English. In the old and long-reformed times, the irregular relations that often existed between members of the two races were a certain means of discovering bazaar gossip, and many a time had afforded timely warning of impending trouble. But these liaisons had long been sternly discountenanced, and in the first week of May, 1857, the English men and women in the centres of Indian life had little—except occasionally the distracted adjurations to fly of a faithful ayah or bearer—to show them that the volcano beneath their feet was actually on the point of eruption.

In the first week of May, at Meerut, one of the ever increasing number of cases of refusal to use the new cartridges was tried by court-martial. Let it be said at once that no cartridges greased with either cow's or pig's fat were as a matter of fact served out to the troops. Some may have been used at schools of musketry, but even that is denied by some of those who should know. The whole question, as a matter of religious scruple, is of less importance than it has been believed to be. Regiments who mutinied for this alleged reason, afterwards, when our arsenals fell into their hands, used the greased cartridges against us without the least hesitation. But the swelling trouble and unrest of India, needing some outlet, found easiest expression in this matter, and it came to a head at Meerut. On the ninth, a dark and stormy Saturday, an example was made of a batch of mutineers. Seventy-four men were publicly disgraced, put in irons, and sent to Meerut gaol as a preliminary to serving a sentence of ten years' imprisonment. It was the last straw, and under it the loyalty and discipline of the native regiments, drawn up to witness the scene, broke down. The parade was broken off in ominous silence, and the troops dispersed in moody unrest. Round their camp-fires that night, the comrades of the punished men determined to break open the prison and release them.

The report of this plot came to the ears of Colonel Gough and Brigadier-General Archdale

Wilson, but they ridiculed the idea, and Saturday night passed as usual in the English messes. But there was black and smouldering anger in the other part of the cantonment across the ravine that divided the native from the white lines. Sullen bewilderment and despair provided a fit soil for the sedition that had long been growing, and that evening the vitriolic contempt of the common women of the Meerut bazaar let loose the Indian Mutiny.

Yet next morning there was little to be seen. The English attended morning service at St. John's, and afterwards at the club and in the white bungalows beside the Mall the usual lazy Indian Sunday was spent beneath an oppressive sky. At last the bell rang to evensong, and the Sixtieth assembled for Church parade.

Then the storm burst. The troopers of the 3rd Native Cavalry broke out of their quarters, smashed in the doors of the gaol, and released their friends—and with them the criminal riff-raff of Meerut. The native infantry regiments, though in immediate uproar, were still unready finally to cast in their lot with the mutineers. Indeed, Meerut was the least promising place in all India in which to begin the Mutiny. Horse, foot, and guns alike, English troops were all here, and no question of the ability of the white men to crush the native battalions quartered there can have entered into the mind of anyone. But there it was that the Mutiny was destined to break out.

Colonel Finnis, of the 11th, after restoring some kind of order in his own regiment, went across to the 20th, whose insubordination was clearly out of all control. It was the turning point of the year's disquiet. It was felt by the mutineers that now or never the irrevocable step must be taken. In the twilight an assassin's cowardice was halved, his chance of escape doubled. One man let off his musket and a hundred followed suit. Colonel Finnis fell dead, and mutiny was afoot.

For a time the other white officers were spared by the revolting companies. They were thrust away for their own safety, and a pandemonium of arson and pillage among the shops and houses of Meerut followed. The released criminals took the lead in the indiscriminate slaughter of Europeans that followed. All evening this outrage went on. Wretched women, trying to escape with their children to the English lines, were baited and made to look on while their little ones spitted on bayonets. A moment later a sword-cut released the unhappy mothers from their agony. And General Hewitt sat still through it all, though under his hand he had the means of restoring order in twenty minutes.

There is not a drearier picture of weakness and ineptitude in all the Indian Mutiny. Immediate action would have done far more than merely preserve the lives of the Englishmen in Meerut, who were thus caught like rats in a trap. It would have prevented the co-operation of the

mutineers, with those in Delhi, and therein the real source of half the Mutiny's importance to us must be sought.

General Hewitt, by the universal consent of Mutiny historians, stands for that incapacity among officers of high rank for which we were to suffer so severely during the next few months of 1857. No one who has read the official report of this outbreak can do other than pity the wretched man who, too old to be wholly responsible for his inactivity, sat with palsied brain while the murder of his fellow-countrymen was going on under his eyes. He gave no orders, and he would allow no one else to act. He told his slightly more vigorous junior, General Wilson, to do nothing, and the two men combined to present a spectacle which the judgment of posterity has never condoned, and never will. It was not only that the paralysed inaction at Meerut was disgraceful. That in itself was bad enough, but far worse remained behind. Meerut was responsible for the protection of Delhi—the capital and nerve-centre of India. Yet never a message was sent to Delhi to warn the scanty garrison there of the armed rabble which was descending mile after mile to join forces with the mob in the imperial city. The white men and women at Delhi were left to their fate while Hewitt and Wilson bemoaned their ill-luck and the inconsiderate behaviour of the rebels. In this disgraceful picture there are still a few redeeming touches. Lieutenant Möller's name stands out as that of a competent and clear-headed

man. He implored the General to let him ride across country to warn Delhi. The request was refused because it seemed to General Hewitt that there was insufficient evidence to show in which direction the mutineers had gone! This excuse is, perhaps, the most amazing in history. Delhi was known to be the centre of disaffection, and contained, in the person of poor old Bahadur Shah, the only possible rallying point of mutiny. What other objective could there be? Even apart from the direct responsibility of his post, and this political incentive, the map itself is sufficient to indicate the track of the flying mutineers. Did General Hewitt think that the fugitive sepoys were making for the Himalayas?

Lieutenant Möller afterwards tracked down a boasting murderer of an Englishwoman, and actually received permission to hang him. As one reads the records one is tempted to think that he hanged him without troubling his General. Other acts of courage or decision deserve emphasis in this depressing tale. Captain Rosser volunteered to cut off the retreat of the mutineers upon Delhi, if he might take his squadron and a gun or two. The request was, of course, refused by the unhappy Hewitt, who afterwards tried to exonerate himself on the plea that while it was true that he commanded the district, Wilson was in charge of the station, and was, consequently, to blame. In a significant confession to Colonel Le Champioz, Hewitt admitted "I gave no orders without Wilson's permission." With this, the history of

the Indian Mutiny passes on and over the name of General Hewitt for ever. Of Archdale Wilson much was still to be seen, and those who wish to understand the true position at the siege of Delhi must bear in mind the kind of man he was. It is true that he introduced some method into the operations round Delhi, but his feebleness had at every turn to be galvanised into life by the splendid resolution and unveiled contempt of John Nicholson. On the day before the storming of Delhi, Nicholson received a blunt despatch from Sir John Lawrence, "Unless Delhi falls within twenty-four hours I cannot guarantee the Punjab." Nicholson tossed it across the table to Seymour Blane, his Brigade Major, who read it through and said, with a touch of sarcasm, "You will, of course, sir, show this to the General." "Show it to Wilson?" echoed Nicholson. "Show it to Wilson? Why, it would kill him." This was the man who, at Meerut, was the only alternative for the effete Hewitt.

At Meerut order again prevailed on Monday morning. But no punishment was meted out except that to Möller's prisoner. The white troops were kept in cantonments. The rumour went abroad throughout rebel India that all the white men and women of Meerut had been slaughtered. Native and English alike heard and believed the tale, and with some reason. For with all this powerful contingent ready to Hewitt's hand not a man was allowed to go outside the cantonment till the 24th.

Meanwhile, all through the night of the 10th the riotous mutineers made their way down by Begamabad to Delhi, forty miles as the crow flies. They cut the telegraph wires,—long, indeed, after news might have been sent to warn Delhi—they swarmed down the rough roads to the Hindun, a rollicking crowd of pirates, without organisation and without officers, expecting every minute the sound of the pursuing cavalry and guns, but careless alike of their own lives or of any serious issue to the revolution they had stirred up. It remained for Delhi to add to the revolt the title of a revolution, and meanwhile through the night of May 10th the doomed white garrison of Delhi slept. Perhaps William Brendish alone, at the telegraph instrument which was to make him famous, kept vigil all night long, and it is pleasant to think that, though he has since passed away, he was still alive in November, 1907, to tell how he spent that last evening of Delhi's peace.



BADAHUR SHAH

From page 11.

CHAPTER II.

THE REVOLT BECOMES A REVOLUTION.

ALL through the night of the 10th the disorderly mob of rebels swept on towards Delhi. The 3rd Cavalry forged on ahead, more in a hope of catching the English unawares than from any fear of pursuit. Drunk with the first taste of massacre, their spirits rose still higher when they came to understand, as the hours passed, the pusillanimity which could alone be the reason of their unmolested march. At first it had been a retreat. As the sun rose behind them, and the long red walls of Delhi shone reflected in the Jumna at their feet, they realised that it was in reality an advance. There in front of them lay the key to India. It was theirs for the taking, and they took it.

It was a picture that can have had few parallels for picturesque interest in all the splendid gallery of Indian history. The quiet morning occupations of the people—the lazy chaffering of buyers and sellers beneath the pipals of the Silver Street—the bath of sunshine which flooded the ramshackle hovels which then hemmed in the huge mosque, with its towering minarets overlooking city, valley and plain, and the glaxis of the palace

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fort, while rebellion and ruin had ridden hot-foot towards Delhi through the night, were even then at her gates. There in the presence chamber of that palace, walled with transparent alabaster set with gems, there upon the seat of his magnificent predecessors, an old man sat, crooning to himself, half-imbecile and wholly neglected—Bahadur Shah, the last of the Mogul Emperors of India.

Though it was in his name that the rebellion broke out, the poor old Emperor was but a tool in the hands of such men as Nana Sahib or his own son Mirza. Helplessly, he was borne along with the tide, and we can scarcely charge him with any complicity in the Mutiny. Of course, he intrigued against us. Always in a feeble and childish way, he was following up some silly mystery, and it is possible that he actually went as far as to treat with the Shah for assistance against the English. But the Shah knew the man he had to deal with. He may have humoured his whims by a secret despatch or two, delivered with awful mystery to the simple-minded Bahadur Shah, but his offer to lend 30,000 troops to the English in October, 1857, is a more practical proof that he understood the situation. But Bahadur Shah lived on in his fool's paradise, occupied with making many very bad verses, and wholly under the domination of his family. Still, he had his use as a figure-head and a rallying point, and the rebels saw it. But Bahadur Shah no more knew what had taken place the previous day at Meerut than did the Englishman who saw

a line of horsemen galloping in along the Meerut road, and had the wisdom at once to ride off to the cantonment on the Ridge and warn Brigadier-General Graves.

There were no white troops at Delhi. Three native regiments and a battery of artillery, manned by natives, represented the garrison. Of these, part of the 38th Regiment mutinied at once, and immediately afterwards the 54th, refusing to stain their own hands, permitted the indiscriminate slaughter of their officers by the 3rd incoming Cavalry, and threw in their lot with the mutineers. At first General Graves had no conception of the importance of the outbreak. Every moment he expected to hear the horse-hoofs of the avenging column from Meerut, but he waited in vain. He had under him, in more than doubtful loyalty, the remainder of the 38th Regiment and the whole of the 74th. A strong guard was posted at the Kashmir Gate to the north of the city, but it was impossible to penetrate into the pandemonium of blood and fire which was now reigning in the streets that had only that morning been so quiet. Every white man or woman, whether at the bank, the newspaper office, or the fort, was hunted out and cut down. The only exceptions were one or two Eurasians who hastily adopted Mohammedanism. At the Kashmir Gate things hung in the balance long. What decided the issue deserves special mention.

..In the magazine—you may see a gate of it still on the left-hand, near the telegraph office, as you

drive from the church to the fort—munitions of war sufficient to last the mutineers for years, a huge collection of ammunition, guns, and rifles had been collected, and Lieutenant Willoughby was in command with eight white men and a few terrified natives. As soon as any man there he was informed of the arrival of the rebels from Meerut, and he took his measures accordingly. For more white men he could hardly hope, of his native companions he was uncertain; but he armed them all the same. It was a useless and, possibly, a harmful expedient. but always there was the hope that the Meerut avengers would arrive. One pauses a moment to remember once more Hewitt and Wilson wringing their hands in useless inefficiency, with men enough to save Delhi clamouring round them all night for orders to march.

But at last it became clear to the rebels that no attack from that quarter was to be feared, and they hurled themselves against the one building in all India upon the unharmed capture of which their success, as they believed, hung. Perhaps, looking back fifty years, it may fairly be urged that in a great measure they were right, and that their success was actually bound up with the capture of the magazine of Delhi intact. Lieutenant Willoughby recognised the path of duty, and trod it. It must have been an awful moment. "Nirre resolute Englishmen"—the happy phrase upon the tablet over the gate is too good to forget—fought against 3,000 screaming and blood-maddened

natives as well armed as themselves. Guns there were, and the guns were used to some purpose. Forrest and Raynor, Buckley Shaw and Stewart served field-pieces that tore horrible furrows with grape in the massed mob below. Conductor Scully prepared for the tremendous dénouement as steadily as if on parade. The magazine could not be defended. It must be blown up, with all who occupied it. A train was laid into the bowels of the arsenal, and Scully, with a port fire, stood at one end waiting for the signal that Buckley was to pass on from Willoughby when all further defence was impossible. Not a man among them flinched from this instantaneous annihilation. At last the natives forced their way into the court and captured the guns. Still Willoughby waited. One can see the bitter smile upon his lips. The mutineers crowded over in hundreds, but halted still from the final rush. The nine waited with uncanny deliberation. More and more of the mutineers flowed over into the narrow yard. A growl, a false start, and then they jostled together in a tangled mass upon the keepers of the house that to them meant victory or defeat. Willoughby raised his hat with ironical politeness. Scully bent down over the end of the venomous serpent of black powder with his spitting portfire, and in one roaring red ruin magazine, guns, powder, rifles, and natives disappeared for ever. The carnage among the natives was appalling. Strangely enough, those who were nearest the magazine suffered least. Of those nine splendid men no

less than five lived to wear the Victoria Cross. Willoughby was murdered within sight of Meerut—two days' march; over one day's flight—where Hewitt was still keeping his men snug *within their defences*. Nowadays Victoria Crosses have been given to the dead. Does anyone deserve the Cross more than the late Lieutenant Willoughby, once commandant of the magazine at Delhi?

The explosion of the arsenal was the signal for the open outbreak of the sepoys who still maintained an appearance of loyalty, and the remainder of the British officers and women at the Kashmir Gate attempted to make their way out to the Ridge, leaving behind them many dead as they let themselves down over the 25ft. red stone wall that protected Delhi, the very wall that we had to win back at such terrible cost in September. Once in the jungle the refugees were able to reach Flagstaff Tower on the Ridge, and there the hopelessness of doing anything in the absence of help from Meerut persuaded the brigadier to move out towards that place. The 74th Regiment remained nominally under discipline, but urged their officers to escape while yet they could. So the last vestige of white authority at Delhi vanished into the jungles, and into the shaking hands of imbecile old Bahadur Shah the sceptre of the Moguls was once more thrust.

One more incident of this miserable day has yet to be narrated. Montgomery told the tale in

five words, "The electric telegraph saved India." The telegraph was a new thing in the East. One of the first men to be amused by it was Nana Sahib, who used to come in from Bithur to Cawnpore, and was allowed by the engineers to play with this new toy of the sahibs. Little did he dream that that innocent-looking thread of metal was one day going to stand between him and the sovereignty of India. It had been erected only a short time so far as Delhi, and the telegraph station was outside the city walls, not where the office and the memorial of William Brendish's fidelity now stand. As we know, a line had connected Delhi with Meerut. Another wire led on through Umballa, Lahore, and Rawalpindi to far Peshawar. That spider's web was the salvation of the Indian Empire.

During the morning of the 11th, a boy called William Brendish, his companion, Pilkington, and Mrs. Todd were in the instrument room. From afar they could hear the roar of flames and the crackle of musketry, but no certain news reached them that the native regiments quartered at Delhi had mutinied. At last it became clear: The telegraph station could not be protected, and with the natives actually swarming out from the Kashmir Gate to massacre the little trio of white people, Brendish's hand was steady enough to click out this mysterious message: "We must leave office. All the bungalows are on fire, burning down by the sepoys from Meerut. They came in this morning. We are off."

Those twenty-five words saved India for us. Incoherent as they were, there were men at Lahore who recognised in them the true note of imminent danger. Native regiments at both Lahore and Umballa were disarmed in time. At Peshawar, when the message came, Herbert Edwardes, Neville Chamberlain, John Nicholson and Frederick Roberts were in council, the latter merely as secretary to the other three. But he was winning his spurs early, and no school could have brought him on better than this hard experience under men reckless enough when occasion demanded, but instinct with the courage, self-devotion, determination, and clear sight that alone can help a nation in the hour of peril.

So the last white fugitives vanished from the still burning streets of Delhi, and Bahadur Shah was face to face with the consequences of his people's folly. At first all went well. There were a score or so of English still left in hiding to hunt down and then to torture and kill. Women and children they were mostly, but that was not distasteful to Mirza Mughal, the heir of the House of Timour. After many pleasant hours and days spent in this pastime, the time came when Hodson, for good and notorious reasons, pistollled him at point-blank range at Humaion's Tomb—and has been held up to general reproach for doing it. But Mirza's life had been a chequered one since these few early days of 'safe slaughtering and idleness. It was apparent very

soon that the legions were master of their emperor, and with him his heir was bound to stand or fall. The picture that Holmes draws of his condition is strong and dramatic. "A few weeks before, the highest English officials had been accustomed to dismount at the entrance of the passage leading to the hall, and to salute him as they entered with all the respect due to the representative of an ancient dynasty ; but now sepoy officers galloped up to the very door, and, striding in with their swords clanking, sat down on the cushions side by side with chiefs and courtiers, and insulted him to his face. On one occasion some hundreds of hungry Sepoys rushed into the hall, and, thronging round him, demanded that he should imprison his sons, who had embezzled their pay, and swore that if their pay were not given to them they would murder him and his family." So the old Emperor went back to his triolets and his opium, and all order and organization went to pieces within the walls of Delhi. And all the while in silence and from that quarter from which Delhi has always been taken, the north, John Nicholson and Herbert Edwardes were taking their measures.

Patiala and Jhind appeared boldly on our side and held our communications safe. Friendly little Gurkhas, bearded Sikhs, and their kin rubbed their hands in anticipation of sanguinary war. The road from the north was open, and for all their boastings and cruelty the sands of the great Mogul empire were fast running out.

Nicholson—to whom the women of the frontier yet pray in terror, the strange bearded giant, god or devil, what cared they—sometimes with and sometimes without authority had taken command with Edwardes, and poor old Bahadur Shah and his armed rabble were doomed from the day on which Brendish's incoherent telegram was read out in the council room at Peshawar. But the sun shone yet on Delhi, and far away to the south-east Nana Sahib began his devilish work. The mills of God grind slowly. • 18786

CHAPTER III.

CAWNPORE.

THE blackest chapter in all the dark story of the Indian Mutiny opened at a moment when, in the opinion of the Viceroy, the worst was over. Towards the end of May Canning wrote: "A very few days will now see an end of this daring mutiny," and almost at the same moment the commandant of doomed Cawnpore, General Sir Hugh Wheeler, was telegraphing that "the plague" was stayed, and that all was well in that city. Yet a terrible disillusion awaited both.

The chief event that had taken place since the fall of Delhi had been the arrival in Calcutta of Colonel James Neill, and his advance up the Ganges Valley upon the seat of rebellion. It is difficult to give a true picture of this man, one of the half-dozen very strong and, on the whole, somewhat similar men whose personalities saved India in the day of trouble. Of all of them the same first quality is true—willingness at any moment to assume full responsibility for actions from which lesser men would have shrunk out of fear, either of the censure of their superior officers or of the storm of public opinion, or out of respect to certain deep-seated traditional humanities

which will always handicap Englishmen in dealing strongly with Orientals.

The East misunderstands leniency. Neill, the most religious of men, made no mistake in this matter. No theologian himself, he grasped the one ethical truth upon which theologians of all schools have tardily agreed, that *a thing is not good because it is commanded by God, but that it is commanded by God because it is good.* Once set moving upon a just and righteous enterprise, he believed from the bottom of his soul that the Divine authority prompted and the Divine hand almost visibly supported whatever action his resolute and clear brain dictated to him.

On June 3 Neill arrived in Benares, after a characteristic display of determination at the Calcutta railway station, where he placed the stationmaster under arrest for trying to despatch an all-important train at its advertised hour without waiting for the arrival of Neill's 'contingent.' The General made no mistake as to the relative importance of railway time-tables and the need of crushing the rebellion, and secured his point in the only possible way. At Benares he coolly deposed his irresolute chief, disarmed the native troops, and began that long and unrelenting punishment of rebels with which the almost fanatically religious Neill's name is still chiefly, but most inequitably associated. Afterwards he pushed on to Allahabad, and recovered the city from the mutineers, but before this work was done the tragedy of Cawnpore had begun.

Before proceeding, it is necessary that some clear notion should be entertained of Nana Sahib's real or imaginary rights and position at this time. He has so universally been execrated for his foul atrocities that in the minds probably of a majority of Englishmen the actions of the mutineers have been identified with his name, and it is worth while to obtain a brief but clear view of his personality and policy.

Nana Sahib was Dhandu Pant, the younger son of a brother-in-law of Baji Rao, the dethroned Peshwa of Poona and representative of the Mahratta claim to the Empire of India. Nana was adopted by his uncle, and, in spite of the distinct statements to the contrary of the Indian Government, continued to hope that after his adopted father's death the Peshwa's generous pension of £80,000 a year would be allowed to him also. Meanwhile, he went with Baji Rao to reside at Bithur, a small town thirteen miles from Cawnpore, and a place of pilgrimage, regarded as of especial potency in securing for injured men both revenge and compensation. But, unavenged, the ex-Peshwa died in 1851, and Nana Sahib soon discovered that the pension died with him.

Succeeding to Baji Rao's hoards—which have been variously estimated from two to four millions sterling—he was enormously rich, but the refusal of the Indian Government to continue his adopted father's pension rankled in his breast, and, biding his time, he turned over in his mind the scheme of revenge which, at least in

the case of Cawnpore, he was able to carry out with such merciless ferocity. Meanwhile, he went out of his way to make friends with the English officers at Cawnpore, frequently accepting their hospitality, and offering in return that of his splendid palace and retinue at Bithur. Especially he seemed to take pride in the presence of English ladies, and often attempted to make them accept costly presents of jewellery or silk, receiving the traditional and inevitable refusal with apparent regret. With the officers he was on pleasant terms; both as a sportsman and a *bôn viveur* he was always welcome in the English lines, and it is certain that not a soul in Cawnpore suspected the truth. In fact, the news of the outbreak at Delhi and Meerut was received in Cawnpore with the less anxiety because of the powerful assistance which their friendly neighbour could at any moment extend to the white garrison in the town. General Wheeler carried this credulity to the pitch of handing over the Treasury to be guarded by Nana Sahib's men, and only refrained at the last moment from sending out the women and children to live under his protection at Bithur!

But on May 23rd Wheeler became very nervous. He was an old man, with a fine record, and, alone among his lieutenants, he was under no delusion as to the loyalty of the rank-and-file of the troops under him. He acted, but he made an amazing blunder at the very outset, a blunder for which no conceivable explanation has ever been forthcoming.

Cawnpore was in 1857 a low-lying town upon a sandy waste, about a mile away from the Ganges. Between the town and the river was the European quarter, and three miles up-stream was the capacious magazine, with walls impregnable to mutineer artillery, ample provisions, good water, and an inexhaustible stock of cannon, muskets, and ammunition. It was such a place as could have held out a year, even if Hindustan had been swept by the mutineers from Peshawar to Calcutta. But lest he should disturb the serenity of the few native soldiers which guarded the magazine—this excuse is the only one that has ever been put forward—Wheeler, instead of occupying this place, caused some pitiful dykes to be made out in the open plain to the south-east of the town. Therein, behind breastworks that a foxhunter would almost clear in his horse's stride, the wretched man nightly placed the white women and children of the town, until the actual outbreak of mutiny drove into this silly compound, for its obviously impossible defence, every available white man. Up to that moment the officers still slept in the regimental lines to avoid the least appearance of mistrust. Mr. Fitchett's fine estimate of this heroism is worth quoting :

'To lead a forlorn hope up the broken slope of a breach, or to stand in infantry square while, with thunder of galloping hoofs, a dozen squadrons of cavalry charge fiercely down, needs courage. But it was a finer strain of courage still which made a British officer leave his wife and children to sleep behind the guns standing loaded with grape, to protect them from a rush

of mutineers, while he himself walked calmly down to sleep—or, at least, to feign sleep—within the very lines of the mutineers themselves !

Mutiny broke out at midnight on June 4th. The Treasury was captured by the 2nd Native Cavalry, and this first act of overt rebellion was as a spark to tinder. As always happened, the gaol was the first place in the city itself to be broken into, and the riff-raff of Cawnpore was let loose to revenge itself upon the white population of the town, while the one regiment of the native infantry, with some show of discipline, refrained from easy loot to make their position safe. The magazine was at once surrendered, and the morning of June 5th saw half the native troops in a state of open and almost secure rebellion. The remainder were for an hour or two undecided. The accidental discharge of a gun into the regiment whose loyalty might conceivably have been retained decided the matter. With the exception of eighty faithful men who remained to help in the defence of Wheeler's foolish trenches, the whole of the remaining native soldiers set off into Cawnpore shouting, "To Delhi ! To Delhi !" every step of their wild rush adding to their excitement and desperation. Brutality is close akin to recklessness. Next day they realised what they had done. They had burnt their boats, and cared little whither their new patriotism was to lead them. At the moment it seemed only necessary to wipe out the last remaining white man or woman in Cawnpore who might some day bear

witness against them. So, for all that day, men, women, and children alike were hunted down in the open, or ferreted out from their hiding holes, and under the blazing sun the ruts in Cawnpore dried brown and stiff with English blood.

Meanwhile Nana Sahib came out in his true colours. The first action of the mutineers on the morning of the 5th was to offer to him, at Bithur, the doubtful honour of the crown of Oude, an honour which they pressed upon him by offering him death as an alternative. They little knew Nana. At once he accepted the position of their leader, and at once he realised also that if any good was to come to him from the revolution he must carefully dissociate himself from the more or less legitimate claimants to the Imperial crown in Delhi. He was, however, told to swear upon their heads that he would at once lead the troops to Delhi. It is needless to add that by all he held sacred he swore it. Half an hour later, while the mutineer's deputation was riding home to Cawnpore to tell their comrades of the success of their expedition, Nana Sahib and Azimullah Khan, his secretary, were closeted together, determined at all costs to prevent this march to Delhi. What right had a Mohammedan to king it over the representative of the Mahrattas and a Konkanasta Brahmin? The heir of the Peshwa determined to play for his own hand, and Nana, on the night of the 5th, rode out after the mutineers, caught them up at Kalianpore, and harangued them in a speech which

must have been a triumph of sophisticated argument and unscrupulous appeal to everything that is worst in humanity. It was successful. Blood and gold recalled the rebels' steps to Cawnpore, and early next morning Nana Sahib, with a curious touch of formality, sent in a letter to Wheeler, behind his mud fences, announcing his intention to make an immediate assault. At ten in the morning of the 6th, artillery fire from a position to the north-west opened the siege, a siege which for unrelieved horror and pitiless misery has had no parallel in the history of war.

Day after day, night after night, the unequal struggle was kept up. Only four hundred white men mustered at the first parade for the defence of this frail rectangle and two unfinished barracks lying to the west of it. There was no cover, except such as might be had by digging pits in the solid earth. Women and children filled the hospital in the centre of the entrenchment, but there was little shelter to be obtained within its thin shot-riddled walls. Day after day a steady rain of rifle balls and shells swept horizontally across the little space over which the English flag still flew, and a plunging fire from mortars reduced even the scanty zone within which some safety still seemed possible. In the first week every man conversant with the handling of a gun had been killed or totally disabled, yet the small field-pieces which had been mounted in the entrenchments were served indefatigably by

haggard volunteers till they, too, fell in turn under the enemy's never-ceasing fire. All alike suffered—women and wounded and children; the sweating gunner and the “brain that could think for the rest”—all fell, mown down by the pitiless storm that screamed from sunrise to sunrise upon the miserable little defences of “Wheeler's Folly.”

The dull monotony of misery was broken only by some incident of yet more poignant horror still—the burning of one of the poor buildings that the English still held outside the entrenchment or the disabling from time to time of one of the little field-pieces upon which alone they could rely to keep down the horrible and merciless cannonade of Nana Sahib's guns. Direct assault the rebels were loth to try. At last, after a week, some half-hearted attempt was made, but was defeated with enormous loss to the attacking party, and Nana fell back again upon his bombardment, knowing well enough that hunger and thirst, disease, sunstroke, and misery would work for him inside the entrenchments better than any efforts of his disheartened soldiery. Again and again a sortie was made by the little band of defenders. Gallantry at Cawnpore did all that gallantry could achieve. But there is no fighting against overwhelming numbers and superior equipment when thirst and disease are ever at the elbow. That this senseless entrenchment was held for three days remains a marvel to any military officer who has visited the spot. That it should have been

held for nearly three weeks gives the key to our ultimate victory over the mutineers.

Worn-out, enfeebled by disease, overmatched twenty to one, reduced to a mere handful of scantily-armed defenders, the white man was still a source of nameless terror to the sepoy. Slaughter the defenceless as they would, they could instil no fear in the hearts of those that were left. Pounded by shell, burnt out, starved out, sickened out, the last lonely Englishman in any post throughout India all these terrible months fought the game as a winner to the end. Probably the rebels never for an instant felt secure ; never were really confident in the permanence of their new and bloody tyranny. Rumours kept coming up from the east, from the north. The revolution was already hemmed in within iron and advancing barriers. Names of strange devils in the form of Englishmen were bandied about over the rebel camp-fires, and there has never been a tale of John Nicholson that lost in the telling. Men remembered with uneasiness stories of his stern thoroughness on the North-West frontier that curdled the blood of their listeners. The avengers were coming on relentlessly, and to disordered imaginations the rustle of the night wind in the trees was already the distant tramp of their horse-hoofs. Their leaders might say what they liked. These English were demons, not men like themselves, and they heard with a shudder of the terrible and impassive punishment which was sweeping like Neill's shadow up towards them

along the Ganges valley. And all the while the little band of English kept the flag flying. The rebels could not at first know the awful misery of the life within the entrenchment. When they heard of it from the eighty loyal Sepoys who were allowed to save themselves by flight the marvel became tenfold more incomprehensible, for the women held their own with the best, and bore in splendid silence the continuing slaughter and maiming of their men, their children, and themselves. Moreover, for every man killed within that charmed spot, the rebels knew that six of their own had bitten the dust.

At last the inquietude of his followers reached Nana Sahib. He did not know that relief was far away, and that he could still rely upon starvation and disease to do his damnable work ; besides, he feared Neill's name as he should have feared that of God. The task before him could not be finished by brute force ; it must be finished in another way, so he laid his plans, and once again put on the mask of courtesy. How he succeeded must be told later. For the moment this chapter of the terrible story leaves the scanty garrison of the entrenchment holding out as firmly as ever. Half of the garrison were dead and buried ; another quarter were seriously wounded and in hospital. Water was only to be had from the well at the risk of a man's life. Never a man but had his reddened bandage—hardly a woman. But dirty, starved, bedraggled, aged, the little band held out, and though refined and dainty

English women went begrimed, barefoot, and half-clad after giving their stockings to the gunners for wads and their petticoats and chemises to the surgeons for lint, the English flag still hung in the hot, breathless noonday from the stick over the ruined hospital.



NANA SAHIB

CHAPTER IV.

THE MASSACRE OF CAWNPORE.

DESPERATE as was the case of the defenders of Wheeler's entrenchment outside Cawnpore towards the end of June, Nana Sahib himself, like his imperial rival at Delhi, found that, even in the hour of triumph, his new and precarious sovereignty sat but uneasily upon him. It is significant that the first trouble that he was called upon to deal with was the inveterate and irreconcilable hatred that existed, exists, and must always exist between the two ruling religions of India; and though the actual cases of trouble that seem to have occurred at Cawnpore were in themselves trivial, the vastly more important question of his own fitness for power was involved in the lightest of them. It was soon clear that his personal bravery and resolution were of the slightest. The wretched man could not even vindicate for himself the grudging respect that strong and courageous villainy sometimes exacts, even from those who love it least.

He was from the first an unhappy coward, and to the end he remained a cringing temporiser. Power, such as it was, was thrust into his hands by circumstance, but it carried with it no strength. He was valiant only against the helpless, and even the enormous wealth of which he was possessed

became in his hands rather an impediment than a help to his everlasting intrigues. There has been probably no other scoundrel of international quality who from the beginning to the end of his period of influence has so totally failed to win the affection, or the respect, or at least the fear of some part of his adherents. This personal contempt was felt and expressed even in his own home circle.

The story of Mr. Carter, of Bithur, and his wife needs retelling, even now, to show the kind of man that Nana Sahib was. At some time during the first outbreak at Cawnpore Nana Sahib found in them easy and unprotected victims. Carter himself was savagely butchered at once, and Nana then turned his attention to his wife, who was even more at his mercy. Since these bitter days it has been hard for some writers to speak with justice of any one connected with Nana Sahib. Yet, to their everlasting honour, it must be remembered that the widows of Baji Rao (Nana Sahib's adopted mothers) threatened to kill themselves if Nana persisted in his intention to destroy a woman so near to becoming a mother as Mrs. Carter then was. But it was only a respite. Later on, when defeat stared him in the face, he still for all his panic terror found time before he fled into the silent jungles of Nepal to send a sepoy to butcher in cold blood both the helpless woman and her infant child.

Against serious dissatisfaction among his men, Nana was helpless. Moreover, rumours kept coming in of a new corps of gaunt and fevered

Englishmen, whose terrific onslaught was like that of wild beasts, whom no casualties could check, no gallantry deter ; and Allahabad, as Nana well knew, had already returned sullenly beneath the ægis of the English flag. It was time to do something. His brothers, Bala and Baba Bhat, took control of the situation, and Tantia Topi, the oily desperado, galvanised the gang into action. Early in the siege an opportunity presented itself of demonstrating to the rebels the helplessness of the English. Boats drifted down the river from Fatehgarh containing civilian refugees. Some were captured or hunted down among the long grasses of the banks of the Ganges, and hacked to morsels. Such men as escaped this fate were taken to Cawnpore and there despatched with less mercy under the very eyes of Nana Sahib himself. But he was not a whit nearer the capture of the English compound, and at last Nana determined that if he could not exterminate the English by force, it must be done by fraud.

On June 24 Mrs. Henry Jacobi, who had been captured by Nana and was a prisoner in a building called the Savada House, was sent under a white flag to offer terms to the beleaguered garrison. Properly confirmed, those terms were in desperation accepted by Wheeler on the following day, during a conference presided over by Azimullah Khan, Nana's secretary and confidential friend. It was agreed and formally sworn that in return for the surrender of the entrenchments, every soul within them should be allowed to march out with

the honours of war, and that boats should be provided to carry them unmolested down the river to Allahabad. Nana and Wheeler solemnly ratified this agreement. On June 27, therefore, the wretched procession left the shot-ridden walls and dykes that had been their only protection for so long; the longest column was that of the palanquins of the sick and wounded, which, indeed, so far exceeded the estimates formed that a dozen cases had even so to be left behind. The rebel chiefs promised to send for them later.

As a foretaste of what was to come, no sooner had the last of the column disappeared from sight than these miserable and wounded men were dragged from their blankets and, after a few minutes' abuse of the filthiest kind, every soul of them was butchered.

The main procession was moving on to Sati Chaura Ghat, where the big wooden barges, each with a thick thatch of straw, awaited the English refugees. A long delay ensued while the sick and wounded were lifted on board, but no one seemed to suspect treachery. The river bank was, indeed, crowded with thousands and tens of thousands of native spectators, but of troops or guns there seemed none. If ever it has seemed to a sorely tried garrison that it had reason to draw its breath in thankful relief for God's long-delayed but ultimate mercy, it was to that which slowly wound its way down to the river at Cawnpore on June 27, 1857. But the last length of

rope had yet to be allowed to the rebels before the noose tightened. Masked by every wall and house and temple beside the ghat and on the other side of the river, were crouching Nana's men with their muskets rammed and ready, and their light cannon loaded with grape.

One of the last to leave the bank was the unhappy General Wheeler, whose lack of judgment had been the origin of the present plight of the English garrison. As he reached the side of the boat that had been detailed to transport him and his wife and daughters, Nana's ferocious treachery was betrayed. Without so much as a cry of hatred, the general was hacked down by the sowars who escorted him, and the native boatmen on a preconcerted signal jumped overboard from every barge and waded ashore, leaving nearly all the twenty-four boats still stranded on the mud. But before abandoning the craft, with devilish ingenuity the very thatch that had been insisted upon by the English as a protection against the sun was used to destroy the last chance of their escape. Burning charcoal was thrown into it, and the line of boats from end to end burst into smoke and flame, into the middle of which from every quarter rained a storm of bullets.

All pretence was given up. One or two English women still out of the boats were hunted down and bludgeoned to death, the happiest those whose brains were soonest smashed in. For the men in the boats there was nothing to do but try to escape by swimming, but a shower of bullets

from both banks at every head in the water soon proved the impossibility of getting away. Only one boat made its way out into deep water, and began to drift down-stream, leaving behind it a hell of relentless ferocity. It was on that craft that the only three survivors who lived to tell the tale of Cawnpore were able to escape—Captain Delafosse, Captain Mowbray Thomson, and a private named Murphy. Mowbray Thomson, who is still among us, has told the story of this amazing escape. The boat drifted down stream over the narrowed and shallow summer waters of the Ganges. Again and again it stranded upon a sandbank, and again and again it had to be pushed off again by wounded men with broken arms, ribs or collar bones, under a storm of bullets from the mutineers who, on the banks, kept pace with the drifting boat down stream. At last, after two days of this incessant misery, when only twenty men remained able to move, the boat stranded in a backwater. All was over. Major Vibart ordered his willing juniors to die fighting, and Mowbray Thomson and Delafosse, with twelve men of the rank and file, burst out upon the bank. The rebels fled before them, but reinforcements came up and the Englishmen found themselves cut off. They set out along the river bank, hardly knowing where to turn. For miles the sepoy's harassed them, and at last, in utter despair, those that were left crowded into a small Hindu shrine on the edge of the river and there awaited their end. Every device was tried

by the masses of rebels outside, and at last six men burst out into the mob of their persecutors in order by their own deaths to clear the way for seven who could swim and stark naked flung themselves down the river banks and into the stream. The gallant six died, every man of them, but they achieved their end. Mowbray Thomson, Delafosse, and Murphy not only escaped the fire from the banks, but after a terrible swim of many hours, landed upon the bank of a man who had remained loyal and nursed these solitary and unhappy survivors of Cawnpore back to life.

Orders were eventually given by Nana to cease firing, and horsemen, spurring their horses into the water, continued the work of massacre. The wretched women who had cowered in the water behind the wooden sides of the barges from the bullet-storm, only raised themselves as it ceased to find in the blood-stained sabres of the cavalry a less kindly message of death. Especially when the scanty band of survivors had been dragged ashore was the brutality of the rebels shown. Infants were rent in pieces, their butchers tearing their legs apart as they screamed, and women with child were mercilessly bayoneted. For more than half an hour this outrage had been in progress, when instructions came from Nana Sahib, who had surveyed the whole from a distance, that the women and children were to be rescued, and it is proof that no uncontrollable savagery prompted this atrocious treachery that his orders were at

once obeyed. Thereupon, as Holmes writes, "the slaughter ceased ; and the trembling survivors, a hundred and twenty-five in number, their clothes drenched, and torn, and mudstained, and dripping with blood, were dragged back to Cawnpore." Nine hundred had entered the entrenchments three weeks before.

These poor women were at first taken to the Savada House outside the city, not far from their entrenchment, and after five days of anguish which no pen can describe, perhaps no imagination picture, they found themselves suddenly reinforced by the captives from the one boat that, as has been said, escaped down stream on the occasion of the massacre. The utter joy of meeting again even under these terrible circumstances was short-lived. Every man of the new party was at once dragged out to the compound, wounded or well, and a firing party drew up opposite them. But the women fought to the last to die with their husbands and kin, and one of them, Mrs. Boys, realised her hope. Threats, blows, and brutality were alike unavailing to drag her away from her husband, and at last, in impatience rather than pity, she had her way, and at the first volley both she and her husband fell. Whether they died at once or not, the following onslaught of the assassins, who cut and hacked with knives the prostrate bodies of the English, must soon have put an end to their misery. The dead bodies, after being stripped naked, were thrown in a heap in a corner

of the compound of the house in which the women were imprisoned, and the nightly and daily inroads of jackals and vultures quickly did their work upon them under the very eyes of the Englishwomen.

Nana Sahib was now proclaimed Peshwa, the sacred tilak was affixed to his forehead, and twenty-one guns announced his triumph to the city of Cawnpore. The captives were then brought into the English quarter, and imprisoned in a house immediately dominated by the old Cawnpore hotel, in which Nana took up his residence. Ostensibly the rebel's success had been complete, and intelligence was circulated that, excepting in Lucknow and Calcutta, not an Englishman was left alive in India; that the Rajah of Kashmir had taken the Punjab; and that Agra and Allahabad were captured.

But all the same private reports came in from time to time that spread terror in the palace. The rumours of the wild-beast-like avengers that had terrified Nana before were confirmed by scared fugitives by day and by night. It was now beyond all doubt that some new English devil called Havelock had appeared upon the scene, and with the terrible Neill was sweeping relentlessly up towards Cawnpore from Allahabad. Force after force was sent by Nana to intercept and wipe them out, but all to no purpose. The story seemed incredible, but confirmation came in every other day. One thousand grimy and worn-out Englishmen, with

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These poor women were at first taken to the Savada House outside the city, not far from their entrenchment, and after five days of anguish which no pen can describe, perhaps no imagination picture, they found themselves suddenly reinforced by the captives from the one boat that, as has been said, escaped down stream on the occasion of the massacre. The utter joy of meeting again even under these terrible circumstances was short-lived. Every man of the new party was at once dragged out to the compound, wounded or well, and a firing party drew up opposite them. But the women fought to the last to die with their husbands and kin, and one of them, Mrs. Boys, realised her hope. Threats, blows, and brutality were alike unavailing to drag her away from her husband, and at last, in impatience rather than pity, she had her way, and at the first volley both she and her husband fell. Whether they died at once or not, the following onslaught of the assassins, who cut and hacked with knives the prostrate bodies of the English, must soon have put an end to their misery. The dead bodies, after being stripped naked, were thrown in a heap in a corner

of the compound of the house in which the women were imprisoned, and the nightly and daily inroads of jackals and vultures quickly did their work upon them under the very eyes of the Englishwomen.

Nana Sahib was now proclaimed Peshwa, the sacred tilak was affixed to his forehead, and twenty-one guns announced his triumph to the city of Cawnpore. The captives were then brought into the English quarter, and imprisoned in a house immediately dominated by the old Cawnpore hotel, in which Nana took up his residence. Ostensibly the rebel's success had been complete, and intelligence was circulated that, excepting in Lucknow and Calcutta, not an Englishman was left alive in India; that the Rajah of Kashmir had taken the Punjab; and that Agra and Allahabad were captured.

- But all the same private reports came in from time to time that spread terror in the palace. The rumours of the wild-beast-like avengers that had terrified Nana before were confirmed by scared fugitives by day and by night. It was now beyond all doubt that some new English devil called Havelock had appeared upon the scene, and with the terrible Neill was sweeping relentlessly up towards Cawnpore from Allahabad. Force after force was sent by Nana to intercept and wipe them out, but all to no purpose. The story seemed incredible, but confirmation came in every other day. One thousand grimy and worn-out Englishmen, with

six poor guns and a cavalry force of twenty sabres, was actually sweeping aside the flower of Nana Sahib's trained army. Nothing checked them; they hurled themselves against forces ten times superior in number with the reckless courage of tigresses, and Nana's face paled as he heard the legend that the men of some part of the force, and those the most savage of all, were dressed in skirts, because, as was whispered in terror from one end of the bazaar to the other, they had sworn never to resume men's clothing till they had avenged their slaughtered women folk. This strange interpretation of the kilts of the Highlanders ran like magic through the rebel army and weighed heavily with the superstitious mass of the rebels.

At Fatehpur, at Aung, and again at the Pandu Naddi, the enormously superior forces of the Nana were driven in helplessly before the steel-like strength and elasticity of Havelock's men. Details of the massacre at the riverside reached the avenging force day by day, and something of the austere religious nature of both Havelock and Neill filtered down through all the ranks of this invincible little body. They were no longer merely the Queen's soldiers, no longer was it merely loyalty that steadied them under fire, and drove them onwards at the word of command. The small force became inspired with the conviction that they were the appointed instruments of God's punishment, and in their repeated successes against overwhelming odds they saw clear proof enough that they lay under the spell of His direct pro-

tection. Against such fanatic courage numbers were useless. It was a tremendous unit that was thus cleaving its way into the heart of the rebels' territory, and Nana knew well enough that, unless he acted, and acted at once, his twenty thousand men would stand no chance against these foreign beasts of vengeance.

A council was called, by Nana Sahib at Cawnpore after the news of the defeat of his men by Havelock at the Pandu Naddi. It must have been a strange sight, and it requires but little imagination to reconstruct the scene. In the centre was Nana Sahib himself, in person bloated, his face heavily marked with the pits of small-pox. His eyes were closely set together, and round his neck was the Naulakha, the gorgeous jewel that the Maharaja of Dharbanga now owns. On one side was Bala Rao, his brother, with a shoulder bound up in bandages, for a chance rifle bullet had grazed him at the Pandu Naddi. Tantia Topi sat near, unscathed, but filled with superstitious awe, and sore yet from his fall from the State elephant which, at Fatehpur, had dropped beneath him like a dead rabbit, with one of Maude's nine-pounder balls through him fore and aft. Not far off was Tika Singh, inconspicuous and subtle. In the shadow sat Azimullah Khan. It was Tika Singh who had supported and eventually planned the massacre at the river-bank. It was he who, after a long and gloomy debate, made a strange and Oriental proposal. "These foreign devils," said he, "are fighting for the lives of their women-folk

in the Bibi-garh yonder. They will not go on fighting like this for the mere satisfaction of"—he paused a second—"of burying them."

Of all counsels that have ever been given in history this enjoys a lonely pre-eminence. Let us give Bala Rao the credit for a moment's expostulation, brute as he was. Let us also give Azimullah Khan the credit for a moment's hesitation, even though it were only based upon a better knowledge of the English than Tika Singh's. He had been to London, and—strange as it seems—had even been fêted at West-end houses. But as for Nana Sahib and Tantia Topi, the suggestion chimed in well with their private lusts, and the atrocious policy was adopted.

Recall the position at this moment.

Outside, is a small band of reckless adventurers, outworn, sleepless, the prey to a hundred anxieties and a thousand miseries, their clothes torn, filthy, and bloodstained, their guns and cavalry ludicrously inadequate, their eyes haggard with night-watching and night marching, and their unshaven cheeks sunken with absolute hunger. But there is not a man among them who does not believe himself the avenging minister of God, not a man who would not willingly be killed ten times over if their great mission of deliverance might thereby be helped.

Inside, is an unhappy band of insulted Englishwomen, the laughing-stock of the high surrounding houses, wounded, sick, beaten, and terrified. Not a woman there but had been a witness of the sickening butchery of her kith and

kin ; not a woman there who could anticipate for herself a better fate within the next few days. Some of the younger among them, as they knew well enough, had already been dragged to a fate worse than death. And they believed that they were utterly abandoned by their own people. Day by day two of this number were forced away to grind corn in the house of their enemy—the last and worst of Oriental insults. It may have been that the Old Testament parallel of the humiliation of Samson occurred to them ; they may have prophesied that their own deaths would involve the death of ten thousand of their oppressors ; but it must have been poor comfort for the hours of anguish that stretched themselves from day to day. Human endurance probably reached its utter limit within the walls of the Bibi-garh. Mercifully, for some of the prisoners it was overstrained, and a few, while still surrounded by their friends, passed away for ever from the bitterness of their misery. They were the happiest, for Nana Sahib was about to crown the foul record of his life.

If ever in all history's pages there is a story that should be told with reverence and without comment or adornment of words, it is this story of the slaughter of the women and children at Cawnpore. Of what happened, I will ask the reader to make the real picture in his own mind from such a bare scaffolding of such plain facts as are needed to tell the horrible tale. Not for any

mere wanton interest in the doing of that thing of which the first hearing has, even to this day, sent Englishmen out like madmen weeping and slaying along the quiet Cawnpore roads ; but that we to-day may understand before we judge Neill and his men when they marched in, and that we to-day may take awful warning from the mistakes of fifty years ago. Fifty years ago ! In the long story of India it is but as a watch in the night. This is the tale.

The women and children, with five men and a boy of fourteen, had been shut up by Nana Sahib in a small house, called the Bibi-garh, or the House of the Woman, because an English officer once kept a native mistress there. There is a single threshold stone of it left to this day, twenty feet north-west of the Well. It was a plain building of adobe, and contained two principal rooms, each about twenty feet long, opening upon a small court-yard, in which a mulsari tree grew. At either end of these two rooms was a much smaller room, and the whole composed a rectangle of about forty feet by thirty. There was a sloping roof forming a verandah all round the little courtyard inside, and the flooring was of uneven cement.

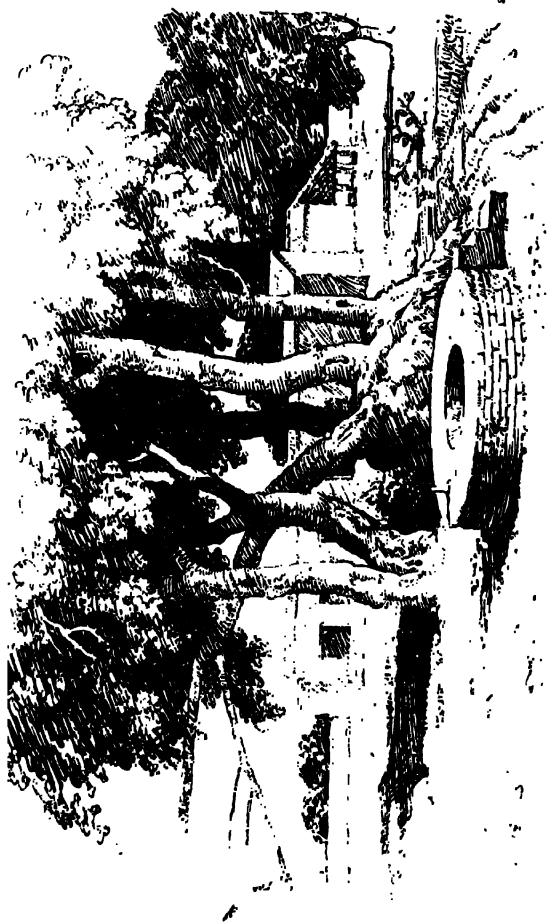
On July 15 Nana Sahib adopted the hideous counsel of Tika Singh, and determined to kill all the prisoners in Cawnpore. At once the five men and the boy were brought out to him, and shot down in his presence as he sat outside the commissariat warehouse. Their bodies were thrown

out of the compound. Nana Sahib then returned to the Cawnpore Hotel and sent out word to a womanservant named Hosaini Khanum, who had charge of the House of the Woman, that all the two hundred English ladies and children were to be killed in cold blood and at once. One English-woman appealed from such an unthinkable atrocity to Yûsuf Khan, the officer of the guard. Yûsuf reassured her. The guard gathered together and agreed to refuse to obey orders such as these. There was five minutes' delay, and then the orders were repeated from the hotel. Upon this the soldiers fired, indeed, but fired high. The bullets spun and crashed through the roof; not a woman was touched. This decided Nana Sahib. Havelock's guns had been heard in the streets of Cawnpore—heard in the House of the Woman; the bitterest agony of human suffering awaited these poor women and children, bitterer even than the sorrow's crown of sorrow. There was no more time to lose. He summoned five men, two Mohammedans and three Hindus, including a man who was Hosaini Khanum's lover. They armed themselves with short curved native swords and made their way across from the Cawnpore Hotel to the Bibi-garh in the low afternoon sun. They opened the door of the house and went in. A moment later the infernal slaughter of the women and children began . . .

Twice one of the butchers, red with blood and sweating, returned to the hotel to get a new

sword ; his own had twice broken in his hand. Only the guard and Nana Sahib himself, who listened from his hotel verandah, heard ; not a soul saw except those five men. It was such work as not even those five men could carry out as had been meant. Each one of them had to butcher forty-two women, and the women crouched low upon the floor defending themselves and their children. All the sword-cuts that missed their aim were low on the walls and pillars. It was a huddled and sickening slaughter in cold blood.

Next morning, soon after daybreak, the murderers returned, and one by one the bodies of the women were dragged across to the well in the compound and thrown down. Some still lived. Three or four children had been saved by their mothers at the cost of their own lives. About a dozen women also were there, who had hidden themselves, poor miserable souls, under the corpses of their fellows all night long, and were now brutally hunted out and cut down or thrown, still living, into the slowly filling well. The sight was watched with interest by a crowd of natives from over the compound wall. The surviving children were pursued, caught, and flung down the well, without even a merciful thrust, except in the case of one or two who were baited with hope from corner to corner, until a sepoy, wearying of the game, slashed their little heads in two. At last all was over, and the bodies of our dead Englishwomen and English children filled the well to within six feet of the top.



THE WELL AT CAWNPORE

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Havelock crushed, drove, beat his reckless way into Cawnpore on the next day—Oh ! the pity of it !—twenty-four hours too late. A body of Highlanders flung themselves hot-foot, with tempestuous sporrans, through the emptying lanes to the House of the Woman. Stories had reached them of the butchery, but their clean, plain minds refused to believe them. Half in hope, as well as half in terror, they ran on. Shots were fired at them from the cover afforded by the houses on every side, but they cared nothing. They flung the doors of the compound open, and at the word of command lined up.

Their sergeant went into the house. At last they began to understand. Just as the hideous secret of the well was betraying itself to every man there, their sergeant came back from the house. He was white in face, but he came steadily up to his men. In his hand was a patch of a woman's scalp hacked off by a sword, and the hair was long and rich. There was the peace of death over the courtyard.

Removing his helmet, the Scotch sergeant moved down his men, giving to each a fingerful of hair with the reverence that such a sacrament demands, and as he ministered to each he said, quietly, "One life for every hair before the sun sets." Those lives were exacted by sundown.

It is a horrible story, but horrible crimes can only be punished in a horrible way. Neill, transfigured with the fiery wrath of God, knew no mercy and no pity. Every man that had had the

slightest connection with this devilry, whether by act or acquiescence, was hanged, but not until, by cleaning with his tongue his appointed square inches of the blood-glued cement, he had been damned in soul as well as body.

Nana Sahib himself had escaped to Bithur, and there was at the moment no means of reducing his stronghold. But justice was done in Cawnpore streets with a fearful hand ; there are living to-day natives who remember those terrible weeks, and still quiver at the thought of Neill's vengeance for our butchered women. Raging from street to street, and village to village, he burned like a fire among the stubble of the guilty, and Havelock left him to his grim and just work with a scanty handful of men while, with the bulk of his little force, he set out for the relief of Lucknow.



JOHN NICHOLSON

CHAPTER V.

THE PUNJAB AND DELHI.

EVENTS in the centre and eastern parts of the districts affected by the Mutiny have been thus far roughly sketched. Allahabad had been secured, Cawnpore had been avenged, and the first efforts for the relief of desperately-pressed Lucknow were being painfully made by Havelock. Meanwhile, let us see what had been done in these long months in the Punjab and the extreme north-west ever since Brendish, at the striking of the twelfth hour, sent out from among the roar and riot of Delhi the news that prepared the English garrisons of Northern India for the worst.

At Lahore the great Robert Montgomery had been appointed by the barely greater John Lawrence to deal with affairs in his absence. Vague rumours of disquiet had come in. The telegrams from Delhi cleared the path for him. There was only one thing to do. At all hazards all native troops, even if merely suspected of disloyalty, must be disarmed. Of these there were four regiments, all known to be ill-affected, and certain to rise the moment that the news of Meerut and Delhi came through by native runners. Not a moment was lost. Soon after dawn on May 13 the troops at Mian-mir, the military suburb of Lahore, were paraded. Every

one knows the story—how the massed battalions of native troops were briefly addressed and ordered to lay down their arms—how the sepoy's hesitated, and an ugly murmur ran through their ranks—how Corbett, the brigadier, sharply gave the word, and the 400 men (all that could be mustered for the work) of the only English regiment there, the 81st, stepped aside from the hitherto concealed guns of the two troops of horse artillery, leaving full to the sepoy's view the muzzles gaping and barely concealing the grape with which they were charged, and the gunners standing motionless behind them with lighted port-fires. The same work went on everywhere. By the 16th, Multan, Phillaur, Amritsar, and the great arsenal of Ferozepur were secured, and the natives disarmed. Montgomery proved himself a man, and his name stands out even among the small company of giants to which the throes of the Mutiny gave birth.

Farther north lay the other centre of anxiety. Peshawar was then what it is to-day, the key to the north-west frontier, and it was England's good fortune that in her hour of need there were in command there, Herbert Edwardes, Neville Chamberlain, and—John Nicholson.

There is no time to paint here the picture of John Nicholson. There is in the hall of the East India United Service Club, in St. James's Square, the only proper likeness of the man—a white marble bust—and on a summer evening, even from across the roadway, the veriest stranger may see

through the open club windows enough to bring home to you what manner of servant he was, whose name has become the centre of more romance among white people—and, by the way, of actual worship among native races—than any Englishman since the days of Drake. A splendid resolute forehead crowned a head almost over-large for the stalwart shoulders; a deep beard hid the straight, resolute mouth and chin; even in the marble eyes there lingers yet a trace of the sovereignty that no man, black or white, long disputed in John Nicholson.

Besides these three men, Colonel Sydney Cotton is to be remembered. Clear, far-sighted, decided, willing to take responsibility, and loyal to the core, the name of Cotton was, in those days, respected and loved throughout the length and breadth of India. It was a quartette of giants, and for the work before them giants were needed. Ruthlessly the native troops were disarmed, and in case of rebellion punished with fierce swiftness. The Punjab was saved.

Nearer Simla the same promptitude met with the same reward. Patiala and Jhind, local chiefs, seeing to which side victory must ultimately lean with such men to coerce her, offered assistance, kept the highways open, crushed out marauding bands, and saw faithfully to the safety of despatches within their borders. At last all was well, and Anson was moving down from Umballa, while Sir John Lawrence let loose the famous flying columns from the Punjab to turn the scale in the re-capture of Delhi.

Unfortunately among these men of iron and steel there was soon to be one of poorer metal, and he, by right of seniority only, the general in command. General Barnard had succeeded Anson at Karnal on the latter's death on May 27. He pressed on towards Delhi, and through the intrepidity of William Hodson, a lieutenant of the East India Company's 1st Fusiliers, who volunteered to make, and succeeded in making, his way to Meerut, at last Hewitt's men, who had remained torpid for so long, were stirred to action, and after one or two severe skirmishes, a junction between the two forces was effected at Alipur. The battle of Badli-ke-Serai cleared the northern approach to Delhi, so that on June 9 the combined columns from Umballa, Meerut, and the first reinforcements from the Punjab met for their great enterprise, and from the famous Ridge—a crocodile of red sandstone nosing the north-western outskirts of Delhi itself—the force looked down upon the capital and heart of India.

From outside, Delhi remains to-day much as she was then ; though on the one hand the sites of our batteries have been overgrown with trees, and on the other the thick undergrowth which then ran up on all sides to the very edge of the ditch that encompassed the walls has now been cleared away. The walls themselves were sheer masonry, twenty-five feet high. Well-protected gates pierced them in ten places. The ditch was as wide as the walls were high, and twenty feet



SIR JOHN LAWRENCE

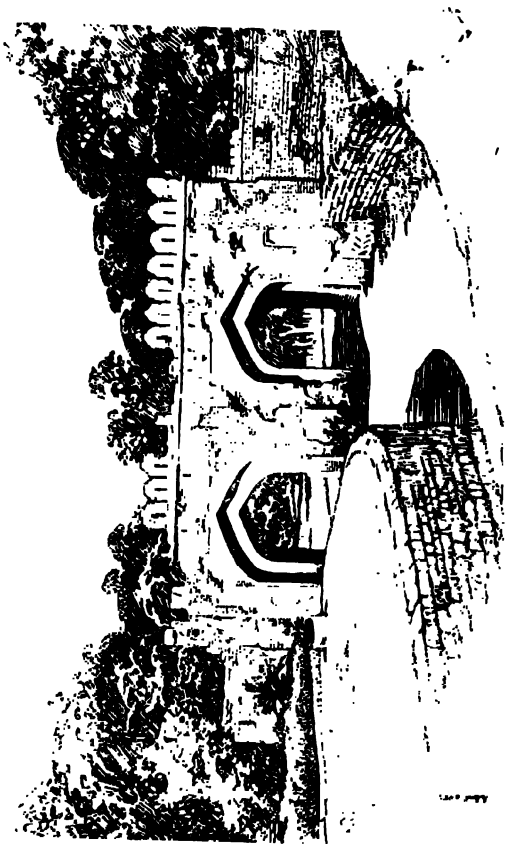
deep. Against modern artillery the defences would be useless. Three 4·7 lyddite shells would reduce the Kashmir Gate to powder to-day ; fifty years ago the solely-limited power of destruction possessed by our old guns is still visible for a mile along the northern wall.

On June 12 Hodson volunteered to make an assault, but, after some shilly-shallying, it was vetoed by the authorities. Barnard, General Reed, a sick man, and Wilson, formed an irresolute trio, and the sudden death of the first, on July 5, from cholera, only transferred the command to Reed, a man whose first proposal was nothing less than a total abandonment of the attempt to re-take Delhi. His next act was to resign the command to Wilson.

The give-and-take struggle between the English and the rebels continued, though on the whole the English force was more besieged than besieging. But Lawrence never failed, and slowly the steady columns tramped down from the north. Even Edwardes demanded that some at least of the accumulating reinforcements should be sent to hold Peshawar. Never a man or a gun did he get. Lawrence even spoke of stripping the Peshawar district to get more men for Delhi, and a contest arose between the two strong men, which, mercifully for us, never reached a more serious state than a discussion of contingent emergencies. Meanwhile, Nicholson raged through the rebel districts like an avenging fire. His greatest exploit was the interception and annihilation of

a rebel regiment from Sialkot by a forced march. Towards the end of July he received orders to take his mobile column down to Delhi. Mobile as it was under his training, Nicholson beat his own men by seven days, and his training on the Ridge was as the coming of a strong, clean sea-breeze to the fevered imagination and heated indecision of the officers in command. At once he set to work. He secured from molestation, at Najafgarh, the invaluable siege train which had lumbered down from the Punjab. He stirred up the hearts of all men. He threatened Wilson to his face, and his attitude of insubordinate loyalty infected the whole force. Wilson's private views and decisions counted for little from the moment that Nicholson's whirlwind influence swept the Ridge from end to end.

For five days a heavy bombardment was kept up, and at last both masonry and man were shaken in Delhi. Still the hammering continued. The 10th, 11th, and 12th of September passed, and all men knew who was in command. On the 13th the plans were completed. Two breaches—Nicholson called them breaches—had been made—one near the Kashmir Gate; one farther east, nearer the water bastion. Up to the last moment Wilson vacillated, but it made little difference whether he vacillated or not. Nicholson was in real command, and he was worth five thousand men in the field. Before daybreak the columns met. The first and second columns were to attack the breaches. Nicholson led the first. The third column was to blow in the Kashmir Gate and rejoin



KASHMIR GATE OF DELHI

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their companions inside. The fourth column was to have the Kabul Gate, on the north-west of the city, opened for it as soon as any part of the besiegers could cut their way through inside.

Silently the forces met in the grounds of a house known as Ludlow Castle, due north of the city. The three columns operating on the north crept forward in the darkness. It was decided that the first attempt should be made upon the Kashmir Gate. Six, headed by Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, silently picked their way ahead, and made a dash just as they were discovered by the defenders of the Gate. Amid a storm of fire they rushed across the skeleton bridge, which by chance had not been entirely removed by the rebels. Home laid his bag and dropped into the ditch twenty feet below. A second bag was laid, but man after man dropped under the enemy's bullets as he crossed to light the fuse. The range was point-blank. Missing was almost impossible. At last one only was left—Sergeant Smith. He fell forward with the portfire in his hand upon the powder, and, as the charges caught, fell with the masses of dislodged masonry into the ditch. The door was partly blown in and the supporting column swept across the rickety supports of the bridge into the city, carrying all before them for nearly a mile. But they then found themselves engaged in a hopeless street fight, and retreated to the Gate, waiting for news of their companions.

The success of the first and second columns was as complete and almost as rapid. Nicholson

himself led the assault against the large breach still plain on the walls to the east of the Kashmir Gate. He was at the head of the first column, which swept the defenders away like flies. The second column, under Jones, met with heavier loss, but came on as impetuously. The ladders were fixed, and in ten minutes the two forces effected a junction. Together they dashed after Nicholson along the wall to the west, passing the carnage and havoc at the Kashmir Gate on the way, and were mightily encouraged at the sight. They cleared out every man from the wall and from the street below, bayoneted the defenders of the Mori Gate and finally halted at the Kabul Gate for news of the victorious column which had burst in the Kashmir Gate and was now, as they supposed, on its way to capture the Great Mosque in the heart of the city. But it was clear that at least one part of the scheme had failed. There was no fourth column to which to open the Kabul Gate.

Hard fighting, as they could hear, was still going on outside the Gate where the fourth column found themselves checked by overwhelming superiority of force and position, in the adjacent village of Kishenganj. It was, however, as Nicholson realised, important, whether reinforcement came in from outside or not, that the Lahore bastion, three hundred yards to the south, should be taken. The only way to it from the Kabul Gate lay through a narrow street. Not only had ~~the~~ enemy two guns in position, one behind the other, but the houses on either side were alive with sharp-

shooters. Again and again an assault was made, but the fire was too great, and there was a check.

Nicholson's blood was up, and he intended to press home at any cost the footing which had thus been gained. He asked no man to do what he would not do himself, and sword in hand dashed forward, calling upon his men for a last effort. Seymour Blane, his brigade-major, followed, and a fair number of the rank and file. A little way up the lane, just where a stone is let into the wall to-day, under the overhanging boughs of a peepal-tree, a dark face leaned forward from a window on the first floor of a house, and, almost with the muzzle of his gun touching Nicholson, fired. Nicholson turned and staggered to Blane's arms. "Keep my face to them," he muttered, "I am hurt." The ball had cut through him from left to right shattering his liver. The wound was mortal, and there was never the faintest hope. He was put into a dooly and orders given to the bearers, which they instantly disobeyed. The chance of loot was too tempting to resist, and Lieut. Frederick Roberts, making his way in with despatches through the Kashmir Gate, found the dooly deserted by its bearers. Inside was Nicholson in mortal agony. Few men have suffered what Nicholson suffered during the next few days. He was under no delusions about himself. To young Roberts's anxious questions he had answered, "I am dying; there is no chance for me." And when the end came, as the Field-Marshal wrote, forty years afterwards, "to lose Nicholson seemed to me at that moment to lose everything."

He lingered on in pain for all the remaining days that elapsed before Delhi was again taken, and from his sick bed he may be said still to have commanded the attacking Englishmen. Wilson, timid as ever, proposed once more to abandon—to abandon even then—the footing gained in the city! Nicholson grimly remarked that were there any talk of that he thanked God he had strength enough still to shoot his commanding officer dead. But Baird Smith and Neville Chamberlain survived, and the bloody work of re-capturing Delhi went forward. One by one the chief points were secured. The Lahore Gate, the wrecked magazine, the Great Mosque, and the Fort all fell in turn.

On the 21st the city of Delhi, the eternal capital of India, with all its centuries of history and romance, with all that its possession signifies, was again in the hands of the English. Not one of all the incidents and struggles that mark its long career stands beside this enormous effort of a scanty band of Englishmen. Five thousand besiegers had captured a walled and well-defended city, containing 40,000 well-armed troops. Yet every man there knew that the capture of Delhi was the work of one man, and every man was glad that, at whatever awful cost of agony, the lion soul of John Nicholson still kept its human tenement until the news of his complete success was brought to him. Then on the morning of September 23rd, the work that had been given to him to do being done, Nicholson died.



SIR HENRY HAVELOCK

CHAPTER VI.

HAVELOCK AND HODSON.

THE great events of the Indian Mutiny stand out clearly by themselves. Day after day holds within the circle of its twenty-four hours the great tragedy or the great triumph. Meerut, Delhi, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Lahore, Peshawar, every name recalls a day of sadness or of splendid achievement, and there is sometimes a difficulty in remembering the less eventful weeks in which a victory was painfully prepared or a success pushed home and made secure. For the moment, before the story of the siege and the relief of Lucknow is told, it is, however, necessary to dwell somewhat upon the minor incidents that followed the recapture of Cawnpore and Delhi, and attended the first attempts to relieve Lucknow.

The traveller who to-day runs across from Cawnpore to Lucknow in an hour and a half is in some ways less able to understand the difficulties of relieving Lucknow than is a reader at home, who has to help him a fair-sized map and some acquaintance with Indian life. The distance seems so small. In an English express there would scarcely be time for a man to have his dinner in comfort before the chattering of the natives, on the station platform of "Nucklao," as the natives call it to this day, warns him that he had reached

his journey's end. Yet two entire months were taken up by Havelock in vain attempts to cross the intervening forty miles.

Again and again the attempt was made. "Only numbers," said Nelson, "can annihilate," and only numbers in this case could relieve. The numbers were wanting. The 64th, the 78th, and the 84th fought like tigers, but the task was too great. Transport was scarce, and Havelock could not carry even enough ammunition to enable the relieving force to get within sight of Lucknow. Havelock wisely retreated until reinforcements could come. Neill, whom he had left in command at Cawnpore, burst out into characteristically insubordinate reproaches against his superior officer, and though reduced to silence let his indignation appear in more ways than one. There was, however, nothing to do but to wait while, day after day, information of the desperate straits of the defenders of Lucknow leaked through to the impotent holders of Cawnpore. Havelock, a man of highly-strung nerves by nature, was sorely tried. He had, indeed, no more men than were needed to defend Cawnpore. The enemy were collecting in his rear and threatened to cut his communications with Allahabad, and were at their leisure completing their arrangements to bar his road to Lucknow. Moreover, the restlessness and scarcely veiled criticism of his juniors ceased not day or night. Yet he was strong enough to suffer and endure as well as to go on, and at last the longed-for reinforcements under Outram arrived from Calcutta.

But their arrival, as Havelock knew only too well, meant also his own supersession by Outram. Outram, however, was no ordinary man. Although he had been instructed by the Government in Calcutta to take over the command, although that Government had sent not even a word of thanks to Havelock for the splendid work he had done, he recognised the injustice of snatching away for himself the credit which Havelock, and Havelock almost alone, should have reaped. Therefore, as soon as he entered Cawnpore, on September 15th, he issued a Division Order which stands upon his record as the greatest achievement in all his splendid career, perhaps the noblest order that has ever been issued by a General in the field. The order concludes with these words: "The Major-General (Outram), in gratitude for, and admiration of, the brilliant deeds in arms achieved by General Havelock and his gallant troops, will cheerfully waive his rank on the occasion; and will accompany the force to Lucknow in his civil capacity as Chief Commissioner of Oudh, tendering his military services to General Havelock as a volunteer."

Six days later the march on Lucknow was begun in earnest, and one of the greatest operations of the days of the Mutiny ended, after four days of continuous fighting, in the relief, or rather in the successful reinforcement, of the Residency.

Meanwhile at Delhi the irresolute Wilson was

carried along by the tradition that Nicholson had inspired. Little by little the work of clearing the town was done. Whole streets were captured by tearing down the ramshackle partition walls between houses, and the rebels, thus taken in flank, ran for their lives to safer quarters. But there yet remained something to do, the importance of which only a few of the gallant besiegers of Delhi wholly understood. So long as the unhappy old King of Delhi and his sons remained at large there was always the chance of further trouble, there was always a centre round which disaffection might rally, and however complete the momentary victory of the English, there could never be entire security while the lineal representative of the Mogul Emperors was there to have raised over his semi-imbecile head the standard of rebellion. Though these patent dangers were unnoticed by Wilson himself, they had not escaped William Hodson, whom Nicholson, with full knowledge of his career, had induced Wilson to confirm in his place as intelligence officer to the force.

Hodson, before reaching the position he occupied at Delhi, had proved abundantly his indifference both to conventional standards of behaviour and to fear. In fact, the outbreak of the Mutiny gave him a last chance of rehabilitation of which he was not slow to take advantage. For the time his *jeunesse orageuse* was forgotten in the brilliancy of his exploits. As an officer his intrepidity and capacity were questioned by none,

and he had a rare personal charm from the influence of which few escaped.

It had been reported to him that the old King of Delhi was in hiding at his ancestor Humaion's tomb outside Delhi. Hodson had already made private overtures to the King's adherents, and had guaranteed the old man's life. This fact probably smoothed the way, but Hodson's pluck in riding out with fifty men to take the King out of his hiding-place while many hundreds of his subjects looked on, ready at a signal to rescue him, and massacre the intruders, is indisputable. Yet it is said that after Hodson had achieved this brilliant exploit, and the figurehead of the Mutiny was in our hands, Wilson's only congratulation upon Hodson's success was a curt ejaculation that he had thought him as good as dead when he gave him permission to make the attempt.

But the two sons of the King remained at liberty, and Hodson was a man who was accustomed to do his work thoroughly. Poor Wilson again vacillated, and Nicholson from his death-bed for the last time imperiously swept him along the right path. Hodson went out again and again sent in his demand to Humaion's tomb. The two princes, conscious of having tortured and slain English men, women, and children in cold blood, clung in despair to their hiding place. Again and again they asked if Hodson would guarantee their lives. Again and again Hodson sternly refused. At last the wretched men came out

and surrendered. Some time was lost in disarming a crowd of their followers; and after the journey into Delhi had begun, the Mussulmans continued to surround the bullock-cart and press ominously upon the hundred men composing the escort. Whether Hodson was truthful or not in pleading that the six thousand followers of the princes were gradually overpowering his small force, and that a rescue would certainly have been tried, and would certainly have been successful before Delhi was reached; or whether he knew the disastrous incapacity of Wilson too, well to be sure that these two brutes would have met at his hands the punishment they deserved; or whether his own hands itched to put an end once and for all to the only obstacles that could still bar the way to England's permanent and peaceful administration of India: whatever the reason was, Hodson, after going some distance, halted the cart, harangued the crowd upon the foul cruelties perpetrated by his prisoners, and shot them then and there with his own pistol.

We are ever inclined, as a nation, to be sanctimonious in such matters, but it is, perhaps, unfair to say that only armchair critics or men who have not the pluck to express their true opinions have condemned Hodson. The man was an adventurer, and, to do him the barest justice, would have been equally contemptuous of his defenders and of his assailants in this matter. But, for ourselves, in the case of one whose pluck, or brutality, or foresight (or whatever it was), made

straight the way for our splendid work in India, it is at least our duty to put the best construction possible upon the deed, to believe that Hodson acted in all sincerity on this occasion, and, perhaps, also to remember that Hodson never for a moment shrank from a responsibility that not ten men in the most righteous cause, would dare to exercise to-day, merely from fear of what people might say.

Among the many incidents of gallantry and stubborn pluck with which the Mutiny chronicles are full, the story of the defence and relief of Arrah, then a lonely station thirty miles west of Patna, deserves mention, and in no better way could the tale be told than by the simple narrative scratched by Herwald Wake, the chief actor in this splendid little drama, from day to day on the whitewashed wall of the bungalow at Arrah.

"We went into our fortified bungalow on the night of Sunday the 26th of July, one jemadar, two havildars, two naiks, and forty-five privates and Bhistie, or water-carrier, and cook, of Captain Rattray's Sikh Police Battalion; Mr. Littledale, judge; Mr. Coombe, officiating collector; Mr. Wake, officiating magistrate; Mr. Colvin, assistant; Mr. Hall, civil assistant surgeon; Mr. Field, sub-deputy opium agent; Mr. Anderson, his assistant; Mr. Boyle, district engineer to the railway company; Synd Azeem Oodein Haseem, deputy-collector; Mr. Dacosta, moonsiff; Mr. Godfrey, schoolmaster; Mr. Cook, officiating head

clerk of the collectorate; Mr. Tait, secretary to Mr. Boyle; Messrs. Delpieiroh and Hayle, railway inspectors; and Mr. David Souza.

"The police abandoned the town on the Sunday, and as we were wholly unable to estimate the force coming against us, we thought it right to remain in the station, trusting to Dinapore for relief:

"July 27th. The insurgent Sepoys arrived in the morning, and all attacked us in force. They were joined by the Najibs, or some of them, and numbers of Koor Singh's men. The sepoys have repeatedly declared that they were acting under Koor Singh's orders, and endeavoured to seduce to their side the Sikhs, who have hitherto behaved nobly, refusing to have anything to do with them, and showing perfect obedience and discipline.

"9 A.M. same day. The Najibs are firing on us with the rest.

"July 28th. Two small cannons are brought to play upon the bungalow; they load them with hammered iron balls and brass door-handles and such like; fired at us all day from behind their barricades, but could not get the range with the biggest, which seems to carry heavyish metal. The *little one* has done us no serious harm hitherto, only one man (a Sikh) wounded, but seriously—a ball in his head. The scoundrels skulked behind trees and walls and Boyle's house, which, unfortunately, is within eighty yards (*afterwards measured fifty*), so we cannot tell how many are hit.

"July 29th, 7 A.M. This morning they were

up to something new ; thousands are collected, probably the greatest part villagers and disbanded Sepoys, collected by Koor Singh.

" 5 P.M. (July 29th). No harm done ; they can't touch the bungalow with the big gun ; the skulks won't come within shot, though now and then one is knocked over by rifle shot.

" 11½ P.M. Heard commencement of engagement between troops sent to our relief and the rebels.

" July 30th. About 5 A.M. one of the Sikhs sent to our relief came in and told us that only three hundred Europeans and ninety Sikhs had been sent to our relief—God aid them ! Our well under the lower storey is nearly finished. The relief has evidently had to retire, but we hear (from the Sikhs) that artillery is coming. There are four feet of water in the well. N.B.—The well is about eighteen feet deep, and was dug within twelve hours.

" In the afternoon made a sally into the compound and brought in some sheep and two birds in cages that had had neither food nor water for five days.

" July 31st. The rebels have got the largest of the guns close up to the house and fire on us protected by the garden wall (through a hole). Several of the balls, round and cast iron, have struck the lower storey, but hitherto have done nothing of serious damage. The balls are about four pounds : how they do so little damage we cannot imagine. We have reason to apprehend

that the sepoys are mining us from the outhouses to the south. We have commenced a counter-mine. The Sikhs are offered their lives and liberty, if they hand over the judge and magistrate and collectors—the ladies and children, too, are not to be injured.

“Saturday, August 1st. No cannonade, till 5½ P.M. Occasional small arms are firing all day. No one injured, except one Sikh had the wind knocked out of him by the bricks displaced by a cannon shot. Several rebels supposed to have been killed by long shots.

“They are raising strong barricades on the roof of the opposite house, from which they are likely to give us serious annoyance, as they can see right into the upper verandah. The shaft of the counter-mine has been sunk to the depth of about seven feet, and the gallery carried off towards the south, and there stopped, under the outer face of the wall. In the evening we were informed that it was the Soubadar’s Wookum* that all our lives were to be spared if we would give up our arms, and we should be sent to Calcutta. Firing from the big gun (which they had placed on the roof of the big house) kept up all night. Two alarms during the night, but finding us prepared on both occasions, no attack was made, except with musketry.

“Sunday, August 2nd. Guns fired three times between daybreak and 11 A.M. Little musketry, few rebels to be seen. Gallery progressing.

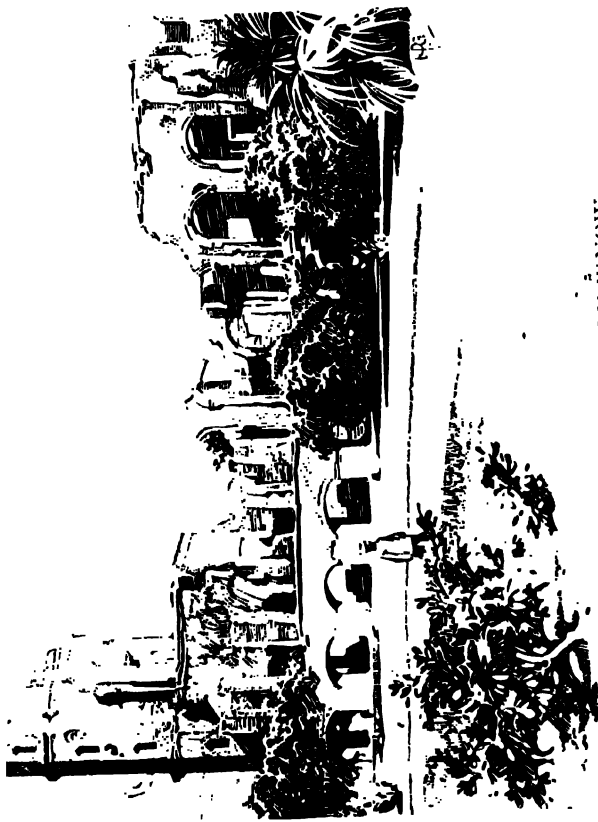
* ? Hukm=order. P.L.

"Sunday, August 2nd. Major Eyre defeated the rebels, and on the 3rd we came out.

Vivat Regina !

"Written with the stump of a pencil, on the wall, at any moment that could be snatched, in case we should be scragged."

• Surely • no comment is needed here.



THE RESIDENCY AT LUCKNOW

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CHAPTER VII.

THE SIEGE AND REINFORCEMENT OF LUCKNOW.

WHEN Lord Dalhousie acting upon representations and advice which could no longer be disregarded, decided to annex Oude to the territories of the East India Company, Hindustan was shaken to its core. To the Hindu mind, this deposition of the last vestige of Mogul authority, in Northern India—for the King of Oude was still in name the Viceroy of the decayed imperial dynasty at Delhi—was an overt challenge that could not be misunderstood. Reference has already been made to the causes of the Mutiny. Among them all the annexation of Oude resembled the swinging into its place of the keystone of the grim structure. Many as were the real and supposed grievances of the mutineers, this crushing blow, struck through an independent Viceroy at the tottering fabric of the old Empire, afforded an opportunity for joint action that other and more personal causes of complaint failed to offer. Yet Dalhousie could no longer hesitate. His predecessors had long recognised that the misgovernment of Oude was a scandal. The debauchery and anarchy of Lucknow, the capital, had long been proverbial. Lying, as it did, midway between the political centres of the East

India Company's territory, its independence made it the headquarters of all the disaffection of Hindustan and a continuing danger to ourselves ; yet Governor-General after Governor-General had looked the necessity of annexation fully in the face, made his report—and passed by on the other side. Dalhousie was a man of a different stamp, and in February, 1857, Outram handed in an ultimatum to the unhappy King of Oude. It was disregarded, and the Indian Government took immediate action. In six days the Kingdom of Oude ceased to exist, and while all India stood aghast, the last wreckage of the Mogul Empire was cleared away from the ground it had cumbered so long.

In these dangerous circumstances the First Commissioner of the new territory had need to be a man of vast capacity, strength, and foresight, and in Sir Henry Lawrence such a man was at the Governor-General's disposal. Attention has been called before to the austere and puritan spirit which animated most of the leading figures of the days of the Mutiny. Of them all, the most intensely religious was Henry Lawrence, yet in his case Christianity won its most perfect victory ; for with all his inexorable sense of duty, his intense and passionate devotion to justice, and his deep knowledge of the only way in which the Oriental could be brought to understand the things that belonged to his peace and prosperity, there was no kindlier or nobler soul in all India than his. A mere glance at the man—the sympathetic and watchful



eyes under the rough, bushy eyebrows, and the high forehead, the sunken cheeks, deeply lined with years of self-control, the iron jaw beneath the straggling grey beard—told men what they wished to know, and the veriest stranger into whose life Henry Lawrence came, if only for a few minutes, never forgot him, and never failed in later years to thank God that, in her direst extremity, India had found a man indeed for the post of danger and of honour.

Long before other men had begun to realise the true importance of the disquiet, while Canning was writing home lightly of the dissipation of the clouds, Lawrence was making his preparations in Lucknow, silently, tactfully, efficiently. Night after night provisions and munitions of war were brought into the Residency and bestowed in every cellar and outhouse that could afford shelter and secrecy. Then, under one pretext or another, the raffle of tumble-down native houses that pressed in upon the Residency walls was quietly dismantled. There was not time to finish this work, but enough—just enough, and no more—was done before the storm broke.

Many people know the Residency at Lucknow. It is the goal of the Englishman's patriotic pilgrimage in India, just as the Taj is the Mecca of the artist and the man of sentiment. Even to-day the shot-riddled ruins that rise from the close-cropped English turf into the quiet evening sky tell something of the story of their agony. But it is difficult to re-picture the scene of the struggle

during the summer of 1857 in all its horror while one stands beside the broken walls of the Residency—more difficult, perhaps, than when in distant England the imagination lends itself to the work, unfettered by the baffling peacefulness which now bathes the actual scene of the grim conflict.

The reader is to imagine a rough, diamond-shaped space, of which each side is about 300 yards in length. A curious, horn-like extension at the northern tip prolongs the total length from north to south to 700 yards. Within these limits there is a densely-packed mass of barracks, offices, and hospitals; the only part that is free from building being the grounds surrounding the Residency itself, a well-built and commodious house of brick and plaster, with "Adam" ornamentation in the reception rooms. All round this space earthworks are thrown up, and every house that can be utilised as a bastion along the outer walls is so used, each for its special little garrison, besides the hastily-constructed batteries at the salient angles of the diamond. The horn to the north is guarded by two batteries at its base; the redoubt to the east is thrust out on a projecting point some seventy yards in advance of the general line of the fortifications. Within this space there is gathered a force of about 1,000 Europeans and 700 native soldiers, besides 600 English women and children. Of provisions and of ammunition there is enough for a fairly long siege, but the garrison is outnumbered twelve to one in men and guns by the rebels outside in the city of

Lucknow. (These proportions at the close of the siege were almost as fifty to one, so much diminished were the garrison, so largely reinforced the rebels.) 'The danger is increased twenty-fold by the fact that Lawrence had been unable wholly to clear his fighting faces before the storm came. On no side, except to the north-east, is there anything like a clear glacis, and on the south and west the enemy are free to bring up their heaviest guns, under cover of the ramshackle houses of the bazaar, to within twenty yards' range of Lawrence's rail defences.

Such was the place which had to be defended. At first Lawrence's plans included the holding also of the Machchi Bhawan, the massive-looking Fort of Lucknow. But the unfortunate engagement of Ismailganj or Chinhath in the open at the beginning of the siege so reduced Lawrence's men that he decided at once to reduce his perimeter. This engagement reduced the available defenders of Lucknow by 120. Scarcely more than 300 of the 32nd (now the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry) were engaged, but the mistake made was that, once in the open, the British troops allowed the enemy to assume the offensive. The village of Ismailganj should have been occupied at once, and then, if necessary, defended. A curious and characteristic incident is related by Colonel Bonham, who, as a young officer, was then in charge of a battery. During the retreat to Lucknow, the enemy pressed so heavily upon the force that Lawrence ordered the guns forward to

cover the retirement. He was told that there was not a round left. "Bring them into position all the same," was Lawrence's order, and the mere sight of the guns halted the rebel force.

Lawrence then made up his mind to abandon the Machchi Bhawan. After he had spiked the guns of the place, a million cartridges and four or five tons of powder were collected in the Machchi Bhawan, and the whole mass was fired on July 1st, the explosion blowing outwards a large part of the defences of the fort. Every man and every pound of powder that remained was brought into the Residency, upon which the first furious assault of the rebels was delivered later in the same day. It was a terrible moment. Just as when Nehemiah's men built the defences of Jerusalem with a spade in one hand and a weapon in the other, the double work of defence had to go on all day.

But the garrison was then fresh and, saving the terrible losses at Ismailganj, as yet unweakened. There were still many native servants to be made to help, and by nightfall the frail ring—though, indeed, there might have been said of it, as was said of Nehemiah's, that the scrambling of a fox would wreck it—was complete. But just as the garrison was able to draw their breath again and make their plans for the safeguarding of their momentary security, the greatest disaster that could befall the English almost blotted out their sunny hope of success. Early in the morning of the next day, July 2nd, a shell tore its way into the room in



SIR JOHN INGLIS

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The Story of the Mutiny

which Sir Henry Lawrence was snatching a few minutes' rest. Captain Wilson was with him, and after the smoke and dust had cleared away, he called out, "Sir Henry, are you hurt?" There was no answer. Again and again he called out, and at last the low answer came, "I am killed." It was only too true. After two days of increasing weakness and constant suffering Lawrence passed away, and his grave stands to this day within the Residency walls with the humble and magnificent inscription upon it that in his life Henry Lawrence had tried to do his duty.

But before his death Lawrence had covered much of the ground that lay before his successor. There was not a point in all the ring of defences that Lawrence had not considered; not a man whose work and capacity were not estimated; not a difficulty that was not anticipated and provided for by the quiet whisper of the dying man. And ever as the colophon of each succeeding chapter in this priceless book of advice came the husky command, "Inglis, never surrender; remember, Inglis, *never* surrender."

John Inglis was the right man for the long horror that lay before the defenders of Lucknow. He had the splendid personal courage of Martin Gubbins without the latter's recklessness and self-assertion; he had a share of Innes' cool brain and untiring industry; he saw eye to eye with Fulton, his master-sapper; and, above all, he brought to the work, besides an inveterate cheerfulness, a single-hearted and dogged determination to fight

the last wreck of brickwork in Lucknow, till, if it pleased God, the moment should come when the women had at any cost, however terrible, to be saved from capture, and the last blind sortie made. Never was a better appointment. Inglis and dead Lawrence saved Lucknow.

So all through the heat of July and August the siege went on. Never was there a moment's respite ; nowhere—save where Lawrence and the others lay—was there safety from the searching bullet and the bursting shell. Day and night, night and day, the unequal struggle continued. Man against man in the light till the faces of their persecutors were known and named ; underground, mine against mine ; hand to hand, as the sortie flung itself over the earthworks, and carried by the sword some half-wrecked native house in which the blue fumes of our exploded mine still floated—so the fight went on. The never-ending tale of our casualties threatened to destroy the efficiency of the defence, threatened but never achieved. Gaunt and grimy, sick at heart with hope deferred, and feverish with want of sleep and food, our men still watched and fought, fought and watched. Sixty times the rebels ran in their mine galleries towards the ramparts ; sixty times, save one, their work was detected, coolly awaited in the dark channel of a countermine, and brought to what, for the rebel miners, was a good deal worse than nothing.

The trenches and houses were foul ; the air was poisoned with a perpetual stench, and there

was no chance of sweetening either. The hospital was searched with round shot as persistently as every other part of the Residency compound. Women and children nobly took their share of the work and of the danger with the men, and many among those who escaped the red chances of war fell before the ever-increasing ravages of enteric. Meanwhile, the long awaited relief, at last even the bare hope of relief, tarried, and the men settled down to a sullen despair, which only the sight of the Union Jack languidly floating over the battered Residency, ten times shot down and ten times replaced, could dispel. Truly the three crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick have never looked down upon a more seemingly forlorn resistance on the part of the old country.

Yet there was consolation in the darkest hour. With unerring intuition Lawrence had permitted those in the native ranks who chose to remain and share the honour and the danger of the defence with their white comrades. Seven hundred stood by their salt, and to their eternal credit it is to be remembered that to a man they fought and died as loyally as their sahibs. Only some of the camp-followers lost heart and slunk away. One party slipped over the earthworks on the morning of August 21st. The confusion caused by a successful sortie and the annihilation of a house (from which one well-known sharpshooter—Bob the Nailer—had picked off dozens of the English) enabled a commissariat officer to lead the way over to the

enemy, followed by a dozen of his companions—so-called Christian converts. Few will regret the immediate action of the rebels in cutting the whole gang to pieces, without question asked or answered.

But sorely straitened as the English were, they remained to carry on the same tradition of tiger-like fighting that had drifted down from the hard days of Clive and Stringer Lawrence. Never in the world, perhaps, have there been such formidable opponents as these lank thin-bellied men, with their clothes in rags about them, and their faces indistinguishable with ingrained dirt. In a month's time what they did not know about their work was not worth knowing. They economised their energy and their cartridges. Their ears were sharpened by danger, and of the few mines which were ever exploded by the rebels, one only was pushed well home. The rest were left unfinished and ineffective, and their explosion did as much harm to the rebels as to the defenders. But on one occasion, on August 18th, the enemy's only successful mine was fired from a gallery running from Johannes' House some way under the ramparts on the south-western side of the diamond. It was, indeed, almost too well done. A breach was made in the wall near the brigade mess, but the greater part of the explosion wasted itself inside. Still, the danger was imminent, and an instant assault was made by the rebels. But as man after man appeared in the breach, he was killed cleanly, certainly, and without waste of

ammunition, and the gathering of sepoy in the lane outside, hesitated and fled after a single volley had been fired at them. The breach was hurriedly repaired, and the only advantage that accrued to either side from it was that the way was cleared for a gallant sortie, and the destruction of Johannes' House three days later was assured. How many of the rebels perished during the siege has never been known, but there can be no doubt that their losses were enormous. Now and then, after a special effort had been made on one side or another, some idea might be obtained from the long string of corpse-laden carts which afterwards trailed across the iron bridge in full sight of the Residency.

Still help seemed as far off as ever. Cholera broke out within the defences, and to add to the misery a misapprehension of the state of the supplies compelled Inglis to reduce to starvation point the already wretched pittance of daily food. As a matter of fact, Lawrence had made ample provision for a much longer siege, but among the casualties had been the chief officer of the commissariat, and no one knew for certain how much grain was left. There was hardly hope left in any breast. Lawrence had said that the Residency could hold out for a fortnight. On July 21st a native called Ungad had made his way in with the news of Havelock's defeat of Nana Sahib, and five days later he brought the false hope of immediate rescue. But day after day passed, and at last, on August 29th, the same hand brought in a

message that almost destroyed hope. No relief, said Havelock, was possible at all for another three weeks, and he again grimly reminded the half-despairing giants of Lucknow that they must in the last issue prefer death to surrender in any form or on any conditions.

The three weeks slowly dragged themselves along, and still Havelock did not come. Yet another and another day dawned and faded away without news or hope. The morning of September 22nd found the Residency at the end of its tether. The heat, the ever-present fever, the hideous over-pressure of sheer work, the hunger, the sleeplessness, and, as they thought, the certainty of failure and death, all conspired to stamp out the last flicker of hope. There was barely the willingness to eat the nauseous food, pinched with hunger as all were. Only the splendid pluck of the women never faltered. The usual fighting took place that day, and even in despair the same certain aim and unhesitating courage once more flung back the insidious advance of the rebels near the Bailey Guard. But that evening, as the darkness drew on again, the human ghosts that composed the Lucknow garrison felt that they were indeed forsaken and doomed, and that the end could not be long postponed. They knew as well as Havelock of the enemy's numbers, and this long delay they thought could only mean one thing. The endurance of man has its limits, and the survivors in the foul and shot-torn walls of the Residency

could but remember that gallantry even to the death had not saved other beleaguered places. Gloomily the evening's portion of bare grain was cooked and eaten turn and turn about, and darkness settled down upon their wretched state with the swift steps of an Oriental night. Nine o'clock, ten o'clock struck and passed.

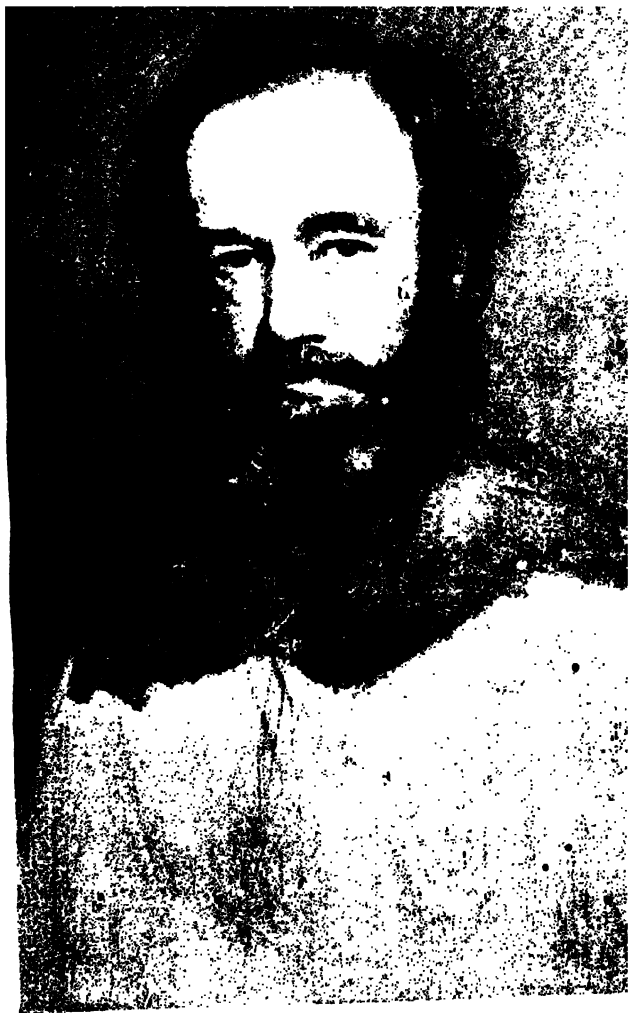
Just before eleven musket-shots were heard by the river—some drunken orgy the sentries thought, as they resumed for the thousandth time their weary and vigilant tramp. Twenty minutes later, a dusty figure rose up under their rifle-barrels, and even before he was challenged by the ready sentry called out "A friend!" It was Ungad, the spy, and in a moment Inglis was awakened to hear the news. Havelock and Outram, he said, had crossed the Ganges in fine fighting trim, and even as he spoke were tramping through the night towards them.

Ungad's tale was punctuated by the ceaseless flare of the enemy's guns and the crashing thud of the round-shot, but before dawn lightened the east there was no more despair. The men, royally inspirited, rose from their grimy bivouac beside their muskets to hear the news. Havelock and Outram were at last coming, and in the mind of no man besieged or relieving was there the faintest doubt of the issue. Like giants refreshed, they took their places next morning, and with the dawn the thunder of Olphert's guns out by the Alam-bagh was music in their excited ears.

No was the enthusiasm less in the relieving

force. Havelock, with Outram as his loyal subordinate for the nonce, had on the day before driven the rebels headlong and captured five guns. Rain fell throughout the night, but the guns of the rebels in Lucknow awoke a responsive throb in the hearts of the men. It was clear that the English were still holding out, and the last touch was added when Outram sent round to the men ringing the camp-fires the glorious news that Nicholson had re-taken Delhi. It was a challenge. They were ready to do and dare anything. Their own countrywomen were but ten miles away; already Ungad might have made his way in; already the sound of their guns must have been heard—in the imagination of the relieving force there was but a screen of paper to tear down before they marched into the Residency. No Ghazi, intent upon winning paradise at the mere sacrifice of his own life, has ever been so sure of success as were these plain Englishmen. Next morning, the 25th, the force moved forward. There was only one check. Neill, even Neill, refused to advance in the face of the fire which guarded the Char-bagh bridge. Young Havelock took upon himself a tremendous responsibility—he brought fictitious orders. His father, he said, peremptorily ordered Neill to advance, and Neill had no alternative. The bridge was taken, and Lucknow lay at last before the relieving force.

But the rebels did not intend to let their prize slip out of their hands without a struggle. Neill's Fusiliers covered the crossing of the bridge against



SIR JAMES OUTRAM

the desperate valour of the natives, who dazed themselves with bhang and again and again led forlorn hopes against the resolute Englishmen who had thus gained a footing in the besieged city, a footing that not all the devils of their own faith could have helped them to tear from the relieving force. At this moment an anxious dispute was going on between Havelock and Outram. It was a difficult position for both. The latter had offered, and the former had accepted, a reversal of their normal positions, a generous bargain which in this emergency was hardly tried. Havelock was all for going on at whatever cost ; Outram urged that a far safer relief could be made good by waiting till the following morning. After an hour's warm debate Outram loyally abode by the surrender he had made. Havelock had his way, and at the word of command the troops burst out from their temporary shelter into the city.

In front of the relieving column lay the certain but devious street which led to the Bailey Guard of the Residency. The houses on both sides were filled with rebels. Trenches had been dug across the road to impede the progress of the force, and the attenuated column, losing a man at every ten yards, ran a gauntlet of whistling bullets from end to end of the long street. But there is a limit to the opposition which man can offer to man ; Havelock's men intended to get home, and home into the Residency they got. The battered entrenchments of the Bailey Guard were shovelled

aside with fierce and feverish haste by the defenders, and the two leaders of the relieving force stood at last within the Residency.

Their work was not over. Many a weary week had still to be lived through, but there within the shattered line of defences we may for the time leave them, relieving and relieved alike. The future seemed for the moment assured, and the Union Jack fluttered out gaily in the wind upon the staff which from that day to this, day in and day out, night in and night out, has borne our colours over Lucknow. Alone among the banners of England all the world over, that upon the battered Residency of Lucknow is never lowered at sunset. There are few other places which would seek such an honour at such a cost ; but with the relief of Lucknow ended the real hazard of our Indian Empire, and though many a weary month had still to spend itself in the story of the mutiny, the news of the relief was rightly hailed in England as news almost of the relief of India.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SECOND RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

BUT Havelock and Outram found in the moment of success that they had rather reinforced than relieved the garrison. They had, of course, a wholly different task from that which had confronted Inglis. Without much difficulty the ground between the Residency and the coiling Gumti was secured by the garrison, and the repeated sorties of the defenders succeeded in clearing the houses actually overlooking the ramparts, those very houses from which they had suffered so cruelly for the three interminable months during which the Residency had awaited the coming of Havelock. But it was soon clear that this added strength had not made the evacuation of the Residency any more possible than before. The rebels in Lucknow itself numbered one hundred thousand at this time, and it was known that there was soon coming to their help a strong and disciplined contingent from Gwalior of some twenty thousand more. Matters were serious indeed. The garrison could neither convoy the women and children to a place of safety, nor even withdraw a small contingent for the reinforcement of Cawnpore, which was again being threatened. All that seemed possible to Outram, who had

resumed the position he had so nobly waived to Havelock during the advance, was to await the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell, of whose eventual coming he had had full assurance. It was impossible from the first even to communicate with the Alam-bagh garrison, who were barely three miles away, and by a curious tangle of divided responsibilities, and perhaps misunderstandings also, the actual provisions stored up in the Residency were gravely underestimated in the reports received by Outram. Once again hunger seemed to stare them in the face, and hope deferred made hearts sick as the numbers and the activity of the enemy increased in the city and no news came of the promised succour.

Yet the newly arrived Commander-in-Chief might have been trusted against all odds.

Sir Colin Campbell was a man who seemed almost born and brought up on fields of battle. In sheer strategy he might have to yield to others of quicker imagination, but he had three supreme qualifications for his work. He was exactly and meticulously careful about details, and was well qualified to hold the strings of a score of supply departments and of a score of military operations at the same time. He was worshipped by his men, and he had the reputation of being an always successful leader. Thirdly, he maintained the same unshakable sang-froid and just perspective in the heat of a sudden emergency, as when he discussed matters in Government House across the Viceroy's table. His plans were laid to a



SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

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nicety, and it is natural, perhaps, that, above all things, he abhorred a superfluity of zeal. But it his public reproof both of Wolseley and of Ewart at this time, for actions of conspicuous gallantry beyond and above their precise orders, is characteristic of the man, not less so is the apology which he afterwards as publicly tendered to both. More than any other man in India Sir Colin Campbell typified all that was best in the military profession, and the Government could have sent out no other one-half as qualified to do the precise work which lay before the Commander-in-Chief during the last months of 1857.

This was the man who, after seeing to it that every boot-sole and every buckle in his force was in order, moved from Calcutta to Raniganj and thence marched to the relief of Lucknow along the unending white ribbon of the Grand Trunk Road.

Once arrived at Cawnpore, Campbell hesitated whether he should deal first with the Gwalior contingent or whether he would be wiser in withdrawing the Lucknow garrison before attempting to disperse the enemy, which was seriously threatening Cawnpore. He decided on the strength of a message smuggled to him out of the Residency,* that he must relieve Lucknow at all

* In this connection the name of Kavanagh deserves to be remembered so long as the last traditions linger of the Indian Mutiny of 1857. At the crucial moment, while Sir Colin Campbell, unaware of the welfare and disposition of the defending force in Lucknow, hesitated as to the best approach, Kavanagh, a tall Irishman, after having blacked his skin and dressed himself as a native, slipped over the defences into the river, swam across, and, almost by a miracle, succeeded in making his way with the much needed news into Sir Colin's encampment.

hazards, and thither he accordingly turned his march. Practically no opposition was offered until he reached the Alam-bagh, where he halted for the night, within sound if not within sight of the defenders' guns. He had with him a small but serviceable column, composed of resolute men, of whom the 93rd Highlanders, who had served under him in the Crimea, were perhaps used by him most severely and most successfully. To understand the course of the next day's actions some clear idea must be gleaned of the relative distances and importance of the places which stood between him and the defences wherein Outram was still gallantly holding his own. The Alam-bagh lay south-south-west from the Residency, and, as the crow flies, a trifle over three miles away. But between the two lay the gross and intricate bulk of the streets and bazaars of Lucknow, through which it would have been madness to attempt to force a way. By a wide detour to the east, an approach could be made over comparatively open country, to within two miles of the Union Jack which still fluttered out over the shot-broken ruins that Henry Lawrence had saved at the cost of his own life. A canal had to be crossed, but Campbell secured this by a reconnaissance in force to the west on the evening of November 15th. This operation fully persuaded the rebels that an attempt would be made either to repeat the advance of Havelock and Outram over the Char-bagh bridge, or perhaps even to reach the Residency by a flanking movement which should

cross the river above the Musa-bagh, outside the town to the west. Still as they had great numbers on their side, they left strong garrisons, amounting probably to two thousand five hundred in each case, in the two main positions, which barred the advance of any enemy from the east. These two positions were the square and strongly-walled enclosures of Sikandra-bagh and Shah-Najif.

After making this demonstration to the west on the previous day, Campbell thrust out his main attack before daybreak to the north. No opposition was encountered as the advance guard moved along in the shelter of a path which for the most part had pipal and neem trees, and here and there a deserted "busti" also beside its course. In a sense the advance was like that at the Modder River. Everyone in the relieving column was convinced that the enemy had withdrawn his forces, and as the troops moved up, furlong after furlong, without molestation of any kind, there even seemed a hope that the defending and the relieving columns might join forces with hardly a shot fired, for it was clear that in response to Sir Colin's information Outram had made a violent and successful sortie to the east to meet the relieving force. As at Modder River, Sir Colin was unpleasantly and suddenly undeceived by a stinging volley from the Sikandra-bagh at 200 yards' range.

Picture the scene. The troops had followed the road, and, at the moment, a turn in it had brought them without a moment's warning under the fire

of the north-eastern bastion of the fort. Of cover there was little, except under the sides of the cutting through which the road ran. The guns were hurriedly sent for, and Blunt, who was in command, recognised that the crucial moment was come. He lightened his gun-carriages so far as he could, and set his horses up against the steep sides of the cutting. It was a manœuvre which was theoretically impossible ; practically it was a complete success. Under a lashing fire from the walls of the Sikandra-bagh he forced his way to a clear position, and soon the sullen thud of his guns and the answering clouds of dust and shattered masonry along the southern front of the enemy's stronghold proved the deadly efficiency of the gunners. They worked their pieces under this incessant and decimating fire as coolly as ever they had worked them at a sham fight at home. Still the solid walls held good, and Campbell's chief task soon lay in restraining the fierce impatience of his waiting men. At first they lay quietly enough behind the cover of the sunk road, but after a time the word was passed from rank to rank, "Remember Cawnpore," and while the grim Highlanders thus sent the fiery cross from rank to rank even their own beloved General could hardly keep them back. At last the restlessness was so near the border line of insubordination that Sir Colin moved out ahead of them, and in a flash of inspiration, wholly foreign to the habit of that cool, wary tactician, he coined a phrase which rings yet in the ears of the Army.

“Lie down! 93rd, lie down! Every man of you is worth his weight in gold to England to-day.” He was right.

Man after man fell at the guns, but the work went on, “each stepping where his comrade stood the moment that he fell.” At last the stone and mortar gave up the contest, and a tiny slit among the still falling masonry appeared. The ranks of the 93rd and of their eager rivals, the 53rd, rippled with excitement. Still Campbell held them back. The fierce bombardment of the guns continued, and the shattered masonry fell apart slowly into a wider and wider breach. Sir Colin lifted his hand, and even before it out-topped his helmet the 53rd, the 93rd, and the 4th Sikh Rifles leaped forward as from a starter’s flag. The whole of the ground swarmed with the three regiments. It was a go-as-you-please, God-help-the-foremost race, and the honour of certain death was the prize for which three of the most gallant battalions on earth were striving. Cursing each other and the swifter foot of some stranger beside their own, the men converged upon the breach, and it was alike to the credit of all three regiments and to the satisfaction of those who witnessed this strange and tumultuous race that no man to this day knows whether a Sikh or a Highlander first dropped, riddled with fifty bullets, among the crowded enemy inside. Within the stout defences of this garden—it had originally been built for one of the many mistresses of Wajid Ali—were two thousand five hundred sepoys, and their

intention was unquestionably to bolt by the northern gate in the event, which they probably feared little, of the British forces effecting an entry from the road to the south. But a small company of our men had raced round by the right and driven in some hundreds of sepoy, who had, perhaps, intended to anticipate any possible necessity for flight. The gateway would have been slammed and bolted behind them in the face of the attacking force had not a Sikh, in the last second, thrust his arm through the opening. His arm was broken, and a moment later some rebel's tulwar cut his hand off at the wrist. Without a murmur or an instant's delay he thrust in his other arm, to meet a similar and certain mutilation. The weight of the besiegers told, and the sepoy within yielded and fled back into the enclosure. After this there was nothing but a slaughter grim and unparalleled in modern war.

Three sides of the Sikandra-bagh were occupied by our troops, and the fourth had no escape. One cry re-echoed from all sides, "Cawnpore!" It was with these two guttural syllables that the attack was driven home, with bullet, sword, and bayonet. Nothing else was heard but "Cawnpore" and the curses of the mutineers. No quarter was asked; no quarter was given. Every trick that might secure the death of a white man, however useless to preserve their own, was tried by the maddened and terrified Sepoy. Our men were dropped at point-blank range—what other range was possible

within this trap of death?—but the awful scene went on with almost mechanical certainty. This was but the same spirit that Neill had shown at Cawnpore. There was never a man there who did not believe that in this matter he was the appointed agent of God for the punishment of the evil-doer. Here and there in the square rose the chant of a hymn or a “paraphrase” as the kilted Highlanders carried through their terrible work. One picture that Forbes-Mitchell paints will never fade. That quiet and austere religious Highlander—known as “The Quaker” for his reluctance to quarrel—who flung himself with Baresark rage into the thick of the fight, striking down the enemies of his kin at every lunge of his crimson bayonet, was the type of every man who fought that day. For as he thrust he chanted aloud, continually, like some Ironside of old, that verse of the old psalm :

I'll of salvation take the cup,
On God's name will I call ;
I'll pay my vows now to the Lord
Before his people all.

They were vows to the Lord indeed that were thus fulfilled, and when the western sky reddened the punishment for Cawnpore was complete. Not one single rebel lived within the Sikandra-bagh. The vengeance was indeed the Lord's, but in the clear faith of the British regiments there all this had happened, because He had appointed them, and no others, as the instruments of his Divine retaliation.

The Sikandra-bagh was now cleared, but another obstacle lay across the path of the relieving force. Five hundred yards farther on, a square building, somewhat similar to the Sikandra-bagh, called the Shah Najif, and evidently forming the second position in this horn of defence which the rebels had thrown out to the east, had also to be taken. Sir Colin never hesitated. Night was falling fast, and the work had to be done at once or not at all. The reckless gallantry of the army had challenged the naval brigade, and, the word given, Peel's bluejackets, as if they were laying their man-of-war alongside the enemy, ran their heavy guns up to within the length of a cricket pitch of the new obstacle and fought them in the open. They lost heavily, but the fire of the other guns and of the regiments in support kept down the number of casualties to some extent ; it is almost impossible that any one of the naval gunners could otherwise have escaped. The cry of "Cawnpore !" was raised again, and never a man of them sought cover. Branston and his lieutenant, one Garnet Wolsley, made desperate efforts to utilise the first signs of masonry crumbling, but to no purpose. Once more Sir Sir Colin called upon his Highlanders, but while the advance upon nearly certain failure hung in the balance, a solution of the difficulty was discovered almost by accident.

Sergeant Paton had found his way round to the back of this obstinately-defended position, and found that a convenient breach—caused probably

by the flight of our own shells over the nearer wall and so finding their way against that to the north—was standing ready for use. Unfortunately the enemy discovered this danger as soon as ourselves, and the Shah Najif was incontinently abandoned. No troops could be sent round in time to cut off the rebels' retreat, and the casualties inflicted were small. Still, ground had been gained, and from the position thus secured it was clearly possible to join islands with Outram and Havelock. They, on their side, co-operated with splendid gallantry. An advance on the garrison's part of nearly a quarter of a mile beyond the Chattar Manzil, which had up to that time formed the last eastern limit of the new perimeter, brought the defenders and the relievers within seven hundred yards of each other at noon on the 17th. For on that day Wolseley's storming of the Mess House and the Pearl Palace had secured the last material obstacle between the two forces.

From the west Havelock and Inglis's gaunt men looked across a flat and unbuilt-upon expanse to the English flag that marked Colin Campbell's headquarters. It was true that the whole plain between was commanded by the flanking fire of the Kaisar-bagh, which the enemy still held in full strength ; but the temptation to risk the danger was too great for the weary defenders. A wave of almost schoolboy impatience ran through the Lucknow leaders, and at last, in defiance of the dictates of common prudence, Outram and Havelock, with six or seven others,

ran the gauntlet of this searching fire. It was a mad freak, and four of the small body were hit before the Commander-in-Chief's quarters were reached. But at last defenders and succourers met, and the dark cloud which had overhung Lucknow for so many months melted as Outram and Campbell grasped each other's hands in an emotion far too deep for words.

There remained much yet to be done. But the cunning which had outwitted the enemy so often before came again to the rescue. On the next day Peel was detached to bombard the Kaisar-bagh till further orders, and, to the growing terror of the swarming Sepoys within, he proceeded, from a distance at which no reply was possible, to launch against the rotten fortifications of the "Emperor's Garden" a storm of heavy shot. Breach after breach appeared in them, but Sir Colin's cool head remained unaffected; this was but a feint, and he was not to be drawn aside by this unexpected success from his fixed intention of withdrawing the garrison of the Residency. This was quietly carried out on the 22nd, so quietly, indeed, that the enemy continued for hours to bombard the empty wrecked walls and the deserted and foul ditches which had so long stood between them and their lust for blood. November 22nd saw the garrison relieved and escorted to safety, and, this prime duty achieved, Sir Colin turned with relief to the new aspect of the war.

England, on the defence, was hard enough for



THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

BY

S. W. S. C.

the swarming natives to overcome by treachery or by overwhelming numbers. England, with reinforcements arriving weekly, and silently determined to punish the wicked and win back peace and order and good government for India, was something far more terrible ; and the story of 1858 was to be a story of unbroken success for her in this great appointed task. Many were the losses the English had yet to suffer—among them few more bitterly to be regretted than the death of Havelock himself but two days later—but with November 22nd, 1857, the night was gone. The dawn of a new and greater Imperial India grew ever clearer as the old abuses were remedied, and the strong, impartial *régime* that is our proudest national boast to-day was built up in the place of the superannuated old compromise of John Company, which, in the end, had led us—and, indeed, all the world as well—into such passages of awful peril.

One more operation of importance lay yet before Sir Colin Campbell. He had effected his main object. Lucknow was at last relieved, and the women and children had turned their backs upon the shot-battered walls that had been their refuge for so long. But, as was said before, Sir Colin knew better than any man that heavy work still lay before him. By this time the Gwalior contingent had joined forces with Nana Sahib, and Windham, whom he had left to guard the Cawnpore bridge might already be sorely pressed. As he recrossed the road between

Lucknow and Cawnpore he listened intently at every step for the sound of guns. At last he heard the dull thudding in the distance, and he challenged his loved Highlanders once again. Weary, footsore, and overdone with the work of the past ten days, they responded nobly, and all through the night they pressed forward to where Windham was painfully holding his own at the head of the all-important bridge of boats.

Windham had only about sixteen hundred men under him to guard the post, and assuming the offensive at once, he soon was made to understand that the best wits of the rebels and twenty thousand men were opposed to him. He attempted to hold two positions, and when driven in upon his bridge-head entrenchments, was compelled to leave the tents and treasure of Sir Colin Campbell's flying column to the enemy. At the bridge head, however, a stubborn and successful defence was made. At last, a small body of horsemen clattered down the Oude bank, and Sir Colin himself rode over the bridge into the entrenchment some miles ahead of even his advance scouts.

After providing for the safety of the civilians, women and children, Sir Colin and Nana met. It was a splendid and stirring day. By a feint against the centre and left of the enemy's line, Sir Colin crushed the enemy's right, and a *saute qui peut* followed only checked at a bridge over a canal where a stout resistance was offered until the Naval Brigade, again adopting the alongside methods of a sea fight, unlimbered a heavy gun

and cleared the way with a few rounds of grape. The dramatic incident of the day followed almost at once. The Gwalior contingent—well-trained soldiers—were still prepared to hold their own, and the day was by no means won yet. By a brilliant piece of tactics, a feigned charge on the part of the 9th Lancers through shoulder-high maize both drew the rebel battalions into a solid square to resist cavalry, and also enabled a battery to be brought up unseen within three hundred yards of the massed sepoys. Instead of continuing their charge, the cavalry wheeled outwards right and left, unmasking the guns, which, handled with feverish rapidity, tore huge and widening lanes through the disorganised and yelling mob of rebels. All resistance was at an end, and a sanguinary pursuit by all arms turned the defeat into a helpless panic. Nana Sahib himself escaped, tearing along the northern road to Nepal through Bithur, and with his ignominious and terrified flight the dawn rose for us. The pacification and re-occupation of parts of India still lay before Sir Colin Campbell, but the Indian Mutiny was over.

SURVIVING VETERANS.

THIS list of surviving Veterans, by far the most complete and trustworthy that has ever been issued, privately or publicly, has been compiled from many sources. Information was at first requested from two-hundred-and-fifty special centres, including all the Veterans' Associations in the Kingdom, and the police in the counties and chief towns; afterwards the services of a body of two hundred special correspondents in all parts of the country were enlisted, and each district was again searched. The Committee desire also to thank the kindly and untiring co-operation of about seventy of the chief provincial newspapers, which place before an even wider public information of the Commemoration. Individual officers and gentlemen, specially interested in the cause of the Veterans, have been approached in about a hundred cases, and without exception they have responded to the utmost of their ability. Finally, thousands of letters have been received from Veterans themselves and from their friends. Information of the existence of any 1857 Veteran was requested daily in the *Daily Telegraph*, until the lists closed in order that the War Office might have time to examine and verify the claims.

As a result of this wide-spread activity, an increasing number of duplicate and triplicate claims were received towards the end, showing that the waste ground had been well covered. It is only possible to check its fulness in the case of the N.C.O.'s and men by comparison with the returns sent in by the surviving Veterans among the officers. Their numbers can roughly be checked by the list of war services of the Official Army List. If this proportion is maintained among the men—and there is reason to think that their returns are even fuller—over eighty per cent. of the 1857 Veterans who still live in England, in the Colonies, or in foreign countries, are included in this list. Every man in this list has received an invitation to be present, and every N.C.O. and man unable to come has been given a Christmas hamper.

It should be remembered that in examining the claims sent in by N.C.O.'s and men, the War Office has adopted a simple test. If a Veteran's name appears on the Medal Roll, as having received a medal for service in India in 1857, his claim has been at once accepted. In

many instances the information given was entirely insufficient ; in every case further details have been requested or searched for, and the claim allowed or not according to the result. The Committee wish specially to record their indebtedness and their gratitude to Major Dykes of the War Office, to whom no small part of the success of this celebration is due.

The Committee wishes to thank most cordially all the many thousands of willing helpers who have co-operated to make as complete as possible this Commemoration of the gallantry and endurance of our soldiers in India during the terrible months of 1857. They will be glad to allow anyone interested in the cause of the Veterans the fullest use of the tabulated results of their work.

As the majority of the names have been sent in by others than the Veterans themselves, it is possible that there may be mistakes in the list.

OFFICERS.

Alexander, Lt.-Col. W. Gordon
 Alleyne, Col.
 Arbuthnot, Maj.-Gen. H. J., C.B.
 Ashburnham, Maj.-Gen. Sir
 Cromer, K.C.B.

Backhouse, Maj. Thos. D.
 Baillie, Gen. J. C. P.
 Barker, Gen. Sir George Digby,
 K.C.B.

Barwell, Capt. William
 Basden, Maj.-Gen., C.B.

Battine, Col. R. A.

Battye, Lt.-Col. M.

Beatson, Maj.-Gen. A. B.

Beckett, Col. S., C.B.

Beetson, Capt. H. R.

Berril, E.

Berry, Col. E. R.

Biddulph, Gen. Sir Robert, G.C.B.

Birch, Col. R. G.

Bishop, Maj.-Gen. H. P., C.B.

Blane, Lt.-Gen. Sir Seymour, C.B.

Boileau, Col. Francis Wm., C.B.

Bonham, Col. J., C.B.

Bott, Maj. Thomas

Bowling, T. St., Paymaster-in-
 Chief

Boyce, Col. A. Woodroffe

Boyd, Capt.

Bridges, Capt. G. H.

Brigge, Maj.-Gen. T. S., C.B.

Briggs, Maj.-Gen. D.

Brock, Capt. James Athol

Brown, Col. E.

Browne, Lt.-Col. H. L.

Brownlow, Gen. Sir Charles H.,
 G.C.B.

Brownlow, Lt.-Gen. H. A.

Buist, Maj.-Gen. D. Sinison

Bulwer, Gen. Sir Edward, G.C.B.

Burlton, Col. H. M.

Burne, Maj.-Gen. Sir Owen

Busteed, Brig.-Surgeon H. E.,

C.I.E., G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I.

Cadell, Col. T., V.C.

Caldecott, Capt. J. A.

Campbell, Maj.-Gen. A. E.

Canton, Col. C. H.

Carnegie, Col. H. L.

Carwell, Maj.-Gen. W.

Cave, Hon. Col. G. N.

Chambers, Col. C. P.

Chambers, Maj.-Gen. B. R.

Chambers, Maj.-Gen. R. W.

Chamier, Maj.-Gen. Francis Ed.

Archibald, C.I.E.

Channer, Maj.-Gen. F. E. O.,

C.I.E.

Chapman, Col. A. R.

Charlesley-Thomas, Col. V.

Christison, Surg.-Gen. Sir Alexan-
 der, Bart.

Churcher, E. J.

Clerk, Major Edward

Clerk, Gen. Sir Godfrey,

K.C.V.O., C.B.

Clerk-Rattray, Sir J., K.C.B.

Clither, Col.

Clive, Hon. George H. W.

Windsor

Cockburn, Gen. H. A.

Coghill, Col. Kendal, C.B.
 Colville, Lt.-Gen. Sir F. M.
 K.C.B.
 Cook, Maj.-Gen. Henry, C.B.
 Cookesley, Capt. E. Murray
 Coppinger, Capt.
 Corbyn, Deputy-Surg.-Gen. J. C.
 Cosens, Capt. G. W.
 Couper, Sir Geo., K.C.S.I., C.B.,
 C.I.E.
 Cowan, John Lambert
 Cousins, Capt. S.
 Cox, Lieut. F. A. D.
 Craster, Col. W. R.
 Cross, Col. C. Kenny
 Crowe, Maj.-Gen.
 Crowthers, Esq.
 Cunliffe, B.
 Cuyler, Col. S. A.
 Dabson, Doctor J.
 D'Aguilar, Gen. Sir Charles,
 G.C.B.
 Dale, Major C. H.
 Dalniahoy, Maj.-Gen. P. C.
 Daniell, Major J. W.
 Davidson, Maj.-Gen. A. H.
 Davies, Revd. George
 Davies, Col. G. S.
 Davis, Lieut. George
 De Brett, Maj.-Gen. H.
 Digby, Comr. H. A., R.N.
 Dillon, Gen. Sir Martin, G.C.B.
 Dixon, Capt. W.
 Dodd, C.
 Douglas, G. H.
 Dovaston, Capt.
 Drennan, Chap. The Rev. Hugh
 Drew, Major B.

Drury-Lowe, Sir Drury Curzon,
 G.C.B.
 Dwyer, Maj.-Gen. H. A.
~~Dynes, Col. R. A.~~
 Earle, Col. E. L.
 Farwaker, Lieut. C., R.N.
 Eckford, Major A. H.
 Edwards, Lt.-Gen. Sir J. Bevan,
 K.C.M.G.
 Ekins, Maj.-Gen. Charles
 Elliott, Maj.-Gen. M., C.B.
 Ellis, Capt.
 England, Maj.-Gen. Edward L.,
 C.B.
 Evans, Maj.-Gen. L. E.
 Evans, Capt.
 Fairweather, Deputy Surg.-Gen. J.
 Fawcett, Major A. M.
 Feilden, Col. H. W., C.B.
 Finlay, Major J.
 Finlay, Major John
 Fisher, Maj.-Gen. J. F. L.
 Fisher, Major Louis W.
 Fitzgerald, Col. Charles J. O., C.B.
 Fitzgerald, Col. J.
 Forbes, Lt.-Col. George
 Forbes, Col. J. G.
 Forbes, Lt.-Col. J. F.
 Ford, Col. Arthur, C.B.
 Fowler, Major G.
 Fryer, Col.
 Fullarton, Lt.-Col. W. W.
 Geary, Lt.-Gen. Sir Henry,
 K.C.B.
 Glasshouse, Col. W. A.
 Goldie, Col. J.
 Gordon, Major Peter Lawrence
 Gore-Browne, Col. H. G., V.C.

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|---|---|
| Gore-Lindsay, Lt.-Col. D. L. | Hunter, Col. Charles |
| Goschen, H. | Hunter, Col. C. |
| Gosset, Maj.-Gen. Sir Matthew,
K.C.B. | Hunter-Gray, Capt. John |
| Gough, Gen. Sir C. J. S., V.C.,
G.C.B. | Innes, Deputy Surg.-Gen. C. A. |
| Gough, Gen. Sir H. H., V.C.,
G.C.B. | Iredill, Lt.-Gen. F. S. |
| Graeme, Lt.-Col. Laurence | Ireland, Assist.-Surg. W. W. |
| Graham, Maj.-Gen. G. F. I. | Irwin, Surg.-Col. C. Graves |
| Grant, Col. F. W. | Ivimy, Capt. W. H. |
| Grant, Capt. G. M. | Jervis, Col. W. Swynfen |
| Greenhow, Surg.-Major H. M.,
F.R.C.S. | Johnstone, Col. J. W. H. |
| Gregory, Lt.-Col. G. C. | Jones, Col., V.C. |
| Greville, Major S. | Julian, Capt. J. A. |
| Grieg, G. | Justice, Maj.-Gen. W. C., C.M.G. |
| Griffiths, Capt. Charles J. | Kendall, Bernard. |
| Hailes, Maj.-Gen. | Kerr, Admiral of the Fleet Lord
Walter, G.C.B. |
| Hamilton, Gen. Sir W. S., Bart. | Kerr, Col. W. A., V.C. |
| Harcourt, Col. A. F. P. | Lance, Lt.-Gen. Frederick, C.B. |
| Harcourt, Col. G. J. | Lane, Maj.-Gen. O. S. |
| Hardy, Maj.-Gen. Fredk., C.B. | Lang, Col. A. M. |
| Hafe, Col. J. | Langmore, Col. E. H., C.B. |
| Hare, Col. R. T. | Lee, Capt. R. G. |
| Harris, Maj.-Gen. J. T. | Le Pelly, Col. E. |
| Harrison, H. A. | Lewes, Col. H. A. |
| Hawes, Major C. W. | Longfield, Col. F. |
| Heathcote, Capt. Alfred Spencer,
V.C. | Low, Lt.-Gen. Sir R. C., G.C.B.,
A.D.C. |
| Heathorn, Capt. J. B. | Lowe, Lt.-Gen. Sir Drury Curzon,
G.C.B. |
| Hefferon, Hon. Capt. Jas. H. | Luard, Maj.-Gen. Frederick Peter |
| Henderson, Major Henry | Lukis, Capt. Francis D. |
| Holland, Maj.-Gen. Thos. W. | Lutman, Major L. H. |
| Home, Surg.-Gen. Sir Anthony
Dixon, V.C., K.C.B. | Lyte, Major-Gen. Alfred |
| Houghton, Surgeon Chas. Bentley | MacIver-Campbell, Col. |
| Hume, Col. E. Trevor | Mackenzie, Col. A. W. R. C.B. |

- Mackenzie, Col. G.
 MacQueen, Lieut.-Gen. Sir J. W.,
 G.C.B.
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 McCoy, Capt. R.
 McDakin, Capt. S. Gordon
 McKellar, Surg.-Gen. F.
 McLean, Maj.-General C. S.,
 C.B., C.I.E.
 McNair, Lt.-Gen. E. J.
 McNeil, Lieut.
 McTier, Sur.-Major W. F.
 Maitland, Col. Eardley, C.B.
 Malcolmson, Maj.-Gen. J. H. P.,
 C.B.
 Mallock, Col. H. A.
 Manning, the Rev. Douglas
 Maunsell, Gen. Sir F. R., K.C.B.
 Marshall, Capt. H.
 Martin, Major A.
 Martin, Simon.
 Masson, Col. E. E.
 Maunderson, Maj.-Gen. G. R.,
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 Maynard, Major C. W.
 Miles, Major the Hon. Horace
 Mills, Doctor Thomas
 Mirehouse, Capt.
 Mitchell, Col. H. L.
 Mocatta, Maj.-Gen. Daniel
 Montagu, Admiral the Hon.
 Victor, R.N.
 Montmorency, Capt. R. de
 Mostyn, General Sir Savage,
 K.C.B.
 Murray, Maj.-Gen. Alan
 Murray, Lt.-Col. Henry
 Muter, Col. Dunbar Douglas
- Nepean, Lt.-Col. H. M.
 Newdigate, Lt.-Col. Sir Henry,
 K.C.B.
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 Norton, Major C. G. C.
 Nuthall, Col.
 O'Brien, Capt. W. E. F.
 O'Connor, Major-General Luke,
 V.C., C.B.
 O'Donnell, P.
 Ommanney, Col. E. L., C.S.I.
 Parker, James.
 Perry, Lt.-Col. R. C.
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 Paske, Deputy Surgeon-Gen. T.
 Peal, Major R., V.D.
 Pearson, Capt. J. R.
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 C.B., C.S.I.
 Pemberton, Maj.-Gen. W. Leigh,
 C.B.
 Pennington, Gen. Sir Charles,
 K.C.B.
 Perkins, General J.
 Playfair, Maj.-Gen. A. S.
 Prendergast, Major-Gen. G. A.
 Prendergast, Gen. Sir Harry, V.C.,
 G.C.B.
 Preston, Col. W. H.
 Pritchard, Lt.-Gen. Sir G. Douglas,
 K.C.B.
 Probyn, Gen. the Rt. Hon. Sir
 Dighton M., V.C., G.C.B.
 Raikes, Gen. R. Napier
 Raines, Gen. Sir Julius, G.C.B.

Randall, Col. W. L.
 Reade, Surg.-Maj.-General, Sir
 John Cole, K.C.B.
 Reid, Maj.-Gen. J.
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 Roberts, F.M. Earl, K.G., V.C.
 Roberts, Maj.-Gen. G. R.
 Robertson, Col. J. P., C.B.
 Robertson, Col. J., C.I.E.
 Robertson, Assist.-Surgeon C.
 Robinson, Maj.-General G. C.
 Ross, Col. Sir E. C., C.S.I.
 Rotton, Lt.-Col. A.
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Sale-Hill, Gen. Sir Rowley, C.B.
 Salmon, Admiral Sir Nowell, R.N.
 Salt, Lt.-Col. T. H.
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 Sconce, Col. James
 Scott, Admiral, Lord Charles
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 Smythe, The Rev. Thomas Cart-
 wright
 Stack, Col. C. E.
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 Stephenson, Admiral Sir Henry
 G.C.V.O.
 Stewart, Maj.-Gen. G., C.B.

Stopford, Capt. W. J., C.B.
 Strutt, Major Charles H.
 Sylvester, Surgeon, Hy. T., V.C.
 Szczepanski, Maj.-Gen. H.

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 Terrant, Surg.-General, C.B.
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 Thomson, General Mowbray
 Thompson, Capt. B. Blades
 Thompson, Capt. P.
 Thomson, Lt.-Col. W.
 Thornton, Surg.-Gen., Sir J. H.,
 K.C.B.
 Traill, Maj.-Gen. G.B.
 Trench, Major the Hon. F. le
 Poer, C.B.
 Trimmen, Capt. Richard
 Turle, Major
 Tyler, Col. Hobart

 Urquhart, Capt. H.
 Upperton, Maj.-General John, C.B.

 Vallance, Major
 Vaughan, Gen. Sir J. Luther,
 G.C.B.
 Vibart, Col. Edward

 Wallis, Col. Charles T.
 Wallwyn, Col. James
 Ward, Col. H. C. E., C.I.E.
 Warden, Lt.-Col. F.
 Warden, Capt. Frederick
 Warrand, Maj.-Gen. W. E.

Watson, Gen. Sir John, V.C., G.C.B.	Williams, Major R. S.
Wavell, Col. L.	Williams, Maj.-Gen.
Wemyss, Maj.-Gen. Henry M., C.B.	Wise, Col. W. D.
White, F.M. Sir George, V.C., G.C.B.	Wolseley, Field-Marshal Viscount, K.T., G.C.B., O.M.
Wiggins, Major E. R.	Wrench, Surgeon Ed. M., M.V.O., F.R.C.S.
Wilberforce, R. G.	
Williams, Rev. E. A.	Yonge, Capt. Henry

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Atteridge, Thos. James, A.B.
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Bacon, Wm., A.B.

Bates, Wm.

Bryson, Samuel, A.B.

Bush, Richard, F., A.B.

Byrnes, Peter, A.B.

Campion, James, Seaman

Clark, J.

Dench, George, Chief Boatman

Dicks, Wm., Seaman

Furlonger, Frank

Gibson, Wm., Seaman

Gordon, John, Seaman

Graham, Richard, A.B.

Hanson, Christian, Bandsman

Heath, Samuel, Private

Herrington, Charles, A.B.

Hunter, George, Private

Jackson, Wm., A.B.

Kennedy, Jas., Leading Seaman

Lamb, Robt., R. Marines

Lauder, Henry (! Loader),

Qr.-Master

Little, John, Qr.-Master

Lye, Wm., Seaman

Lynden, Arthur

Maple, Charles, A.B.

McDonald, Hector, A.B.

Merker, Andrew, A.B.

Mingay, R.

Parker, Pete, A.B.

Parse, Luke

Patten, Dánl.

Richardson, W., Seaman

Roberts, Frederick

Roberts, Griffith, A.B.

Rodmore, Richard

Saint, Thomas, A.B.

Springett, G. W., Seaman

Stewart, John, A.B.

Stillman, George, Carpenters' crew

Taylor, James, Seaman

Tingey, Chas. H., Private,
R.M.L.I.

Twig, Amos, Private

Vass, George, Private, R.M.L.I.

Wilkins, W. E., Sergeant

Williams, Wm., Seaman

Wright, John

1st DRAGOON GUARDS.

Robbins, William, Trooper

2nd DRAGOON GUARDS.

("Carbiniers.")

Thomas, Henry, Sergeant

6th DRAGOON GUARDS.

Ballantyne, Robert, Trooper

Barnes, Edward, Trooper

Becket (Jno. or Thomas), Trooper

Beevers, Joseph, Trooper

Bocock, Joseph, Trooper

6th Dragoon Guards—Continued.

Bowater, Joseph, Trooper
 Briggs, G. H., Trooper
 Dance, Roland, Trooper
 Dunk, William, Trooper
 Dyer, George, Sergeant
 Fallas, John, Trumpeter
 Fisher, John, Sergeant-Major
 Giddings, F. (? Job), Trooper
 Harkes, Francis, Trooper
 Holland, Robert, Farrier-Sergeant
 Knight, Thomas, Trooper
 Mead, James, Trooper
 Nayling, John, Trooper
 Peachey, Sergeant-Major
 Pearson, James, Trooper
 Pullen, John, Trooper
 Rogers, Frederick, Trooper
 Starkey, John, Trooper
 Weaver, William, Trooper

7th DRAGOON GUARDS.

Sater, Wm., Trooper

7th HUSSARS.

Cox, Augustine, Trooper

9th LANCERS.

Beaumont, Geo., Sergeant
 Chester, Robert, Sergeant
 Chinner, Henry, Corporal
 Coles, James, Trooper
 Cusic, Jas., Trooper

Edwin, Alfred, Trooper
 Everett, Thos. Jas., Trooper
 Francis, F. J., Corporal
 Goreley, Wm., Trooper
 Hare, James, Trooper
 Harford, Wm., Trooper
 Holloway, Thos., Troop Sgt.-Major
 Kingsdon, Thos., Troop Sgt.-Major
 Newbury, Charles (? Newberry), Trooper
 Pearce, Thos., Sergeant
 Prince, James, Trooper
 Procter, Wm. Hall, Troop Sgt.-Major
 Smith, Wm., Trooper
 Stobie, Robt. (V.C.), Trooper
 Taylor, Richard, Trooper
 Thomas, Wm., Trooper
 Wareham, Daniel, Trooper
 Whitaker, James, Sergeant
 Wiggins, J., Trooper
 Wills, Geo., Corporal
 Young, Wm., Sgt.-Major

14th HUSSARS.

Davis, Thos., Trooper
 Grice, Wm., Sergeant-Major
 Jones, Charles
 Meadows, Fredk., Yeoman
 Richards, George, Farrier
 Room, James, Trooper
 Short, John, Trooper

IRREGULAR CAVALRY.

Iloff, R., Trooper

ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY.

Allen, James, Farrier Sergt.

Ritchie, John

Smith, George

Stone, Richard, Corporal

Vale, John, Gunner

1st ROYAL SCOTS.

Molloy, John, Private

**5th NORTHUMBERLAND
FUSILIERS.**

Answer, Matthew, Sergeant

Baconham, W., Private

Baker, James, Sergeant

Baker, Robert, Corporal

Brooksbank, Eli, Sergeant

Bullard, J., Private

Buswell, T., Private

Cassidy, John

Cook, Geo., Corporal

Coonan, Thomas, Private

Dixon, T., Private

Dobson, Joseph, Drummer

Doyle, L., Sergeant

Driscoll, Francis, Private

Dunlop, Patrick, Col.-Sergt.

Gayford, Wm., Private

Gayton, Christopher, Private

Kilackey, T., Private

King, Robt.

Lane, H., Private

Manley, Thos., Corporal

Matthews, John, Private

McCarthy, Denis, Corporal

McCarthy, Denis, Private

Mitchell, C., Sergeant

Moran, B., Private

Nelson, Alfred, Corporal

Newstead, Private

Power, Richard, Corporal

Pratt, Joseph, Private

Richardson, John, Private

Richardson, John, Private

Road., Reuben, Private

Shalders, J., Private

Sheedy, Jeremiah, Private

Smith, Alfred

Smith, Jeremiah, Private

Stoner, Anthony, Private

Thompson, Patrick, Corporal

Thompson, Banks, Private

Turner, J. D., Private

Wells, C. W.

Wells, Thomas, Private

Young, Samuel, Private

8th

**("The King's" Liverpool
Regiment.)**

Bacon, Henry, Private

Clarke, John, Lance-Sergeant

Fisher, H., Private

Hoak, Wm.

Maggott, Wm., Private

Milton, Miles

**8th ("The King's" Liverpool
Regiment)—Continued**

Nelmes, Charles, Private
Nicol, Wm., Sergeant
Noah, John, Private
Rowe, Hugh, Bugler
Stratton, Thomas, Sergeant
West, George, Sergeant

**10th REGIMENT.
(The Lincolnshire)**

Barry, John, Private
Brown, James, Private
Chambers, Patrick, Private
Delaney, J., Sergeant
Duffy, John, Private
Fitzgerald, Hubert, Private
Foley, J., Sergeant
Goode, Thos., Private
Hales, J., Private
Herbert, J., Private
Hickey, Owen, Corporal
Keefe, John, Sergeant
King, Jas., Private
Lynch, Patrick, Private
McDermott, T., Private
McGill, Patrick, Sergeant
Meehan, P. Michael
Nillen, Patrick, Private
O'Brien, George, Corporal
Price, John, Corporal
Stear, George, Private

Tipler, Edward
Wright, R., Sergeant

18th LIGHT INFANTRY.

Power, John, Sergeant

23rd REGIMENT.

**(The Prince Albert's Somerset-
shire Light Infantry)**

Anson, Edwin, Private
Aastey, Wm.
Ball, Wm., Private
Beckenham, Lazarus, Sergeant
Blandy, George, Private
Bryant, William, Private
Cook, T., Private
Deacon, Henry, Private
Edwards, Edwin, Private
Fandle, Richard
Fidler, John, Private
Gerrish, Alfred
Griffiths, George, Private
Griffiths, Thomas
Gurden, Chas., Drummer
Harper, George, Private
Holland, Thos., Private
Horne, Richard, Sergeant
Howell, John, Private
Jones, John, Private
Jordan, Wm. John, Corporal
Kew, Charles, Drummer
Lambert, Edwin, Private
Law, George, Private
Lee, Edwin, Private

23rd Regiment—Continued

Lewis, John

Lewis, John

Macdonald, Ernest James, Sergt.

Macknell, Robert

Maynard, George, Private

Melhuish, O. D., Private

Parrett, James, Private

Phillips, George

Randle, William, Private

Reynolds, C., Private

Reynolds, Charles, Bandsman

Richardson, John, Private

Robertson, William

Smiles, Edwin, Armourer-Sergt.

Smith, Charles, Private

Tyndall, Mark, Private

Varley, Geo., Private

Waite, Thomas, Private

Walklin, Samuel, Private

Watts, John, Sergeant

Whalén, James, Private

Williams, Geo., Colour-Sergeant

Willis, Joseph, Private

Witt, James, Private

24th REGIMENT.**(The South Wales Borderers).**

Alexander, William, Private

Barclay, J., Private

Barry, William

Brimisden, John, Private

MacGeary, Charles, Corporal

Weightman, Thomas, Private

27th REGIMENT.**(The Royal Inniskilling
Fusillers).**

Beatty, Martin, Colour-Sergeant

Callaghan, J., Private

Donaghy, Michael, Private

McAuliffe, Thomas, Private

McCaffery, Robert, Private

O'Donnell, William, Sergeant

Keegan, Charles

32nd REGIMENT.**(Duke of Cornwall's Light
Infantry).**

Bdl, Thomas, Private

Buzzard, J.

Donoghue, E. P. (? P. E.), Sergt.
Major

Graney, Martin

Hogan, Cornelius, Private

Holloway, John, Corporal

Jackson, John, Private

Light, W. J., Sergeant-Major

Maxwell, Henry, Private

McNeill, M. J., Sergeant

Medcalf, Henry, Drummer

O'Brien, Thomas, Private

O'Connell, F., Private

O'Neill, Thomas Bernard, Sergt.
Instructor

Pearce, George, Private

Quinn, Dennis, Private

32nd Regiment—Continued

Smedley, William, Sergeant
 Smith, J., Private
 Taylor, Thomas, Private
 Williams, William, Private
 Wilson, Samuel, Bugle-Major

33rd REGIMENT.

(The Duke of Wellington's).

Bailey, George

34th REGIMENT.

Booth, Joseph, Private
 Bristoe, Geo., Private
 Brooke, Henry, Private
 Buxton, John, Private
 Carruthers, Joseph, Private
 Carter, George, Private
 Corcoran, Dominick

Doyle, William, Col.-Sergeant
 Eadie, Walter, Private

Hamlett, Henry, Corporal
 Harp, Simon, Private
 Haynes, Wm., Private
 Holt, Samuel, Private

Lamb, Edward, Private
 Logue, James, Drummer
 Lowe, Ezekiel, Lance-Corporal

Meredith, Thomas Edwin, Corpl.

Nicholls, D., Private

Whiting, Geo. († Whitting),
 Private

37th REGIMENT.

(The Hampshire).

Cox, Jesse, Colour-Sergeant
 Dutton, Joseph, Private
 Ford, John, Corporal
 Kidney, Daniel, Corporal
 Peppard, W., Private
 Rodgers, John, Colour-Sergeant
 Whichells (or Whichellos), Joseph,
 Colour-Sergeant

38th REGIMENT.

(The South Staffordshire).

Angel, E.
 Baigent, Charles, Private
 Barber, G., Private
 Blackburn, James, Sergeant
 Collopy, Joseph, Private
 Cripps, John
 Curdington, John (enlisted as John
 Newton)
 Davies, Richard, Private
 Day, Wm.
 Dicks, John, Private
 Elliott, Nathan, Sergeant
 Emm, Henry, Private
 Everett, Samuel, Private
 Finch, Alfred, Private
 Grainger, Henry, Private
 Handley, Henry, Private
 Harding, Joseph
 How, Edward, Private
 Leadbeater, Geo., Private

38th Regiment—Continued

Mawhinney, I., Private
 McDermott, John, Private
 McMahon, Denis
 Miles, Edward, Corporal
 Morris, Thomas, Private
 Murray, James, Private
 Murton, Samuel, Private
 Patch, Jenkin E. (alias Edwin Anderson)
 Porter, John, Private
 Porton, Theophilus, Sergeant
 Quinn, John (? Quinen), Lance-Corporal
 Richardson, C., Sergeant
 Robinson, Alex., Drummer
 Scrivers, Wm., Private
 Smith, Edward
 Smith, George, Private
 Smith, John, Colour-Sergeant
 Smith, John, Private
 Thomas, John, Private
 Turner, Joseph, Private
 Walsh, John, Private
 White, Wm., Private
 Woolley, James, Private
 Woolridge, James, Private

42nd REGIMENT.
(The Black Watch).

Aicken, Wm., Private
 Aze, Mark, Corporal
 Baird, Wm., Private
 Barclay, John, Sergeant
 Bell, Wm., Private

Brydon, John (? Bryson), Private
 Burke, Patrick, Private

Calderwood, John, Private
 Cox, Wm., Private
 Cribber, Robt. (? Cribbes),
 Drummer

Dick (Dick), Walter, Private
 Dickson, John, Sergeant
 Doughtey, Patrick (? Daughney),
 Private

Downie, Robt., Private
 Drummond, James, Private

Gauld, Jas., Gunner
 Gibb, John, Private
 Gibson, A., Pipe Corporal
 Gid, W., Sergeant
 Gorin, F., Private
 Grant, Jas., Private

James, R., Private

Lillie, John, Lance-Sergeant
 Lindsay, Alex., Private

Martin, George, Private
 McAusland, David, Private
 McGrath, James, Private
 McKenzie, John, Musician
 McKenzie, John, Qr.-Master-Sergt.
 McLean, Geo., Private
 Moody, David, Sergeant
 Mowatt, Thomas, Private

Neilson, John, Private

Ramage, Jas., Private
 Reid, J., Private
 Robertson, John, Private
 Roger, Robt., Corporal

42nd Regiment—Continued.

Russell, David, Drummer
Russell, John, Private
Simpkins, Isaac, Corporal
Sloan, Robt., Private
Smith, Wm., Private
Stirling, Robt., Sergeant
Thomson, A., Private
Wilkie, Walter, Private
Wilson, John B., Staff-Sergt.-Major

51st REGIMENT.

**The King's Own (Yorkshire
Light Infantry).**

Betney, George, Private

52nd REGIMENT.

**(2nd Battalion Oxfordshire
Light Infantry).**

Barrow, Wm., Corporal
Bately, Walter, Private
Milham, John, Private
Bristow, A., Private
Byrne, John, Corporal
Clark, John, Sergeant
Clarke, S., Private
Claydon, T., Private
Cogan, B., Corporal
Daniels, John, Private
Field, Daniel, Private
Franklin, Robt., Acting Paymaster
Girling, Wm., Corporal
Gormley, John, Private
Hall, Henry, Private
Higginbotham, Thomas, Private

Knight, Henry, Private

Lloyd, John

Marks, Wm., Colour-Sergeant

McKenna, Wm., Private

McGenis, Henry, Sergeant

Middle, Thos., Private

Miller, Arthur, Sergeant

Pettigrew, William, Qr.-Sergeant

Pope, Wm., Private

(passes by name of Jupp)

Shorten, Stephen, Private

Smith, James, Private

Sole, William, Private

Stewart, J. (? Sheward, Jas.), Qr.-
Master-Sergeant

Sutherland, Robert, Qr.-Master-
Sergeant

Wrigley, Richard, Sergeant

53rd REGIMENT.

**The King's (Shropshire
Light Infantry).**

Barry, Patrick, Private

Bates, Wm., Private

Birchfield, Richard, Private

Birks, Geo., Private

Cash, Samuel, Private

Claridge, George

Davies, John, Private

Devery, Martin, Brigade-Band-
master

Dorricott, Wm., Corporal

Hannable, Jas., Private

Huddy, Maurice, Private

83rd Regiment—Continued

James, Chas., Corporal
 Lindsay, Robt., Sergt.-Major
 Mackey, Stephen, Private
 Partridge, J., Private
 Pitts, Geo., Private
 Pole, Wm., Private
 Price, Robt., Corporal
 Purchase, John, Corporal
 Smith, Thomas, Private
 Smith, Thomas, Private
 Taylor, David, Private
 Ware, E., Sergeant
 White, Wm., Col.-Sergeant
 White, Wm., Private
 Woodland, Richd., Col.-Sergeant

58th REGIMENT.

Flynn, Wm., Private

60th REGIMENT.

Ayling, Edward, Private
 Bathurst, James, Private
 Beal, W. H., Sergeant
 Cain, James, Private
 Davis, James, Private
 Dixon, Thomas, Private
 Edwards, James, Private
 Farrell, Joseph, Bugler
 Flynn, John, Sergeant
 Green, Wm., Private
 Holloran, Patrick

Jeffreys, William, Private
 Jordan, Thomas,
 Joyce, Thomas, Sergeant
 Kingsley, H., Bugler
 Lawrence, George, Sergeant
 Lyons, Patrick, Private
 Norris, John, Bugler
 Parker, Charles, Sergt.-Instructor
 Rose, Wm., Private
 Smith, Richard
 Stidford, Thomas, Private
 Stratford, Wm., Private
 Thompson, Edward, Private
 Thompson, George, Private
 Vowles, Stephen, Private
 Wing, George, Sergeant

61st REGIMENT.

Baker, Henry G., Sergeant-Major
 McGrath, Patrick, Private
 Power, Patrick, Private
 Rice, Henry, Private
 Watts, James, Private

64th REGIMENT.

Bayley, John, Private
 Betson, Lewis, Private
 Bowers, Henry R., Colour-Sergeant
 Bridgeman, Wm.
 Cheale, Wm., Col.-Sergeant
 Connell, Hugh, Sergeant
 Higgins, John, Private
 Holly, James, Sergeant

64th Regiment—Continued.

Huggard, Joseph, Corporal

James, Wm., Private

Kihoe, J., Private

Litherland, Jno., Private

McAdams, John, Private

Murphy, Matthew, Private

Potter, John, Private

Sheward, Thos.

Shore, James, Private

Taylor, F., Private

Wetloff, John, Private

White, Robt., Private

70th REGIMENT.

Barnett, John, Private

Connor, Robt.

Horsfall, John, Private

Larter, P. (Senior), Sergeant

Mitchell, James, Sergeant

Richardson, Peter, Lance-Sergeant

Westbrook, Henry

75th REGIMENT.

Brondhill, Henry, Private

Bryne, James, Private

Bugg, John, Private

Colby, Thomas, Private

Coyle, S. H., Private

Curtis, Henry, Corporal

Dodd, Wm., Private

Gaffey, Patrick, Private

Hanlon, Patrick, Sergeant

Landy, Timothy, Private

Meath, John, Private

Offord, Charles, Private

Orris, John, Private

Pcel, John, Private

Plunkett, Daniel, Private

Reid, George, Private

Robinson, Wm., Sergeant

Smith, Joseph, Private

78th REGIMENT.

Atkins, Samuel, Col.-Sergeant

Bertram, G., Colour-Sergeant

Brand, Robt., Private

Brownlee, R., Private

Comber, Wm., Private

Crowder, Edward, Private

Green, Chas., Drummer

Harvey, John, Private

Hutcheson, Wm., Sergeant

Hutchinson, Wm., Sergeant

McGregor, John, Private

McGregor, John, Private

McInery, Thomas, Drummer

McKenzie, Alexander, Private

Moore, Wm., Private

Paterson, Francis, Private

Ramage, David, Private

Rochford, E. (Rev.), N.C.O.,
Private ?

Russell, Richieson

Sharp, John, Private

Thomson, James, Lance-Corporal

81st REGIMENT.

Austin, George, Private
 Baxter, Samuel, Private
 Baylis, Thomas, Private
 Bowing, James, Private
 Brown, James, Private
 Butt, Emanuel, Private
 Campbell, John, Private
 Carbine, John, Private
 Davies, John, Private
 Dukes, Wm., Private
 Evans, Robert, Private
 Green, Richard, Private
 Hogan, James, Sergeant
 Hunt, Moscs, Private
 James, William, Private
 Leggitt, S., Private
 Macnamara, Thos., Private
 Maxwell, James, Private
 McLoughlin, John, Private
 Newton, W., Corporal
 Scott, Joseph, Private
 Stephens, William, Private
 Totam, Caleb, Private
 Tucker, John, Private
 Wilford, James, Private

82nd REGIMENT.

Adamson, John, Private
 Ansell, John, Sergeant
 Ayres, Thomas, Private
 Barnes, George, Private
 Billington, John, Private

Billson, J., Private
 Burton, Joseph, Private
 Canham, Thos., Sergeant
 Crissall, J., Sergeant
 Docherty, Wm.
 Dunn, George, Private
 Fairweather, W., Private
 Giddy, Joshua, Private
 Greenhouse, Thos., Sergeant
 Kelly, Thomas, Private
 Lauder, Charles, Private
 Loyesay, George, Private
 Mattock, Thos., Corporal
 Merriman, Geo., Private
 Mitchell, Fred., Private
 Mitchell, Samuel, Private
 Mutch, A., Sergeant
 Regan, Daniel, Private
 Rose, Richard, Private
 Russell, Joseph, Private
 Russell, Joseph, Private
 Simmonds, Jas., Private
 Sullivan, Patrick, Corporal
 Taylor, Geo., Private
 Webley, Edwin, Corporal
 West, Thos., Private
 Wightman, William, Lance-
 Sergeant

83rd REGIMENT.

Briggs, Benjamin, Private
 Fahy, James, Private

84th REGIMENT.

Allred, Wm., Private
Beeby, Daniel, Private
Birch, Charles, Corporal
Boulger, Jacob, Sergeant
Bradley, Ralph
Bryne, Patrick, Private
Cahill, Patrick, Sergeant
Clarke, Harry Simpson
Corner, George, Private
Downsbrough, Benjamin, Private
Eyre, James, Private
Eyre, James, Private
Flanagan, Joseph, Private
Garlick, John, Private
Harrington, John, Private
Jenkins, Henry, Sergeant-Major
Kane, John, Private
Lincham, Daniel, Private
Mansfield, Timothy, Private
McCoy, John, Private
McGuire, Francis, Corporal
McGuire, Michael, Private
Morris, Richard, Private
Murray, William, Private
Siddall, Henry, Private
Sparling, Cornelius, Sergeant
Tether, John, Private
Whittam, Wm., Private

86th REGIMENT.

Smyth, Alexander

87th REGIMENT.

Burton, Samuel, Private
Carroll, Owen, Sergeant
Carton (or Canton), John, Corporal
Hayne (or Haynes), John, Private
Kearney, Simon, Private
Kelly, John, Sergeant
McGaher, John
Murphy, Patrick, Private
Rourke, Edward, Private

88th CONNAUGHT RANGERS.

Monaghan, George

90th REGIMENT.

Abbott, Thomas, Private
Acome, John, Sergeant
Baird, Daniel, Private
Barrett, John
Barrett, Richard, Private
Barter, H. R., Colour-Sergt
Boyle, David, Private
Catchpole, James, Private
Chester, Edward, Private
Gibney, Jas., Private
Gurney, Samuel
Hacket, John, Sergeant
Hall, James, Private
Hampton, Isaac
Hedmeads, John
Honey, John, Private
House, George, Private
Hughes, John, Private
Jennings, Wm., Private

90th Regiment—Continued

Kitson, Samuel, Private

Lock, J.

Locke, J.

Matlock, Wm., Private

McDonald, Alexander, Sergeant

McKenrow, A., Col.-Sergt.

McNab, Peter, Private

Moss, Wm., Private

Pope, James, Private

Read, John, Private

Roberts, Chas., Private

Robinson, George, Private

Sangers, Jas., Private

Sebright, Thomas

Sheppard, Chas., Private

Simmonds, Chas., Bugler

Smith, Richard

Stonecliffe, Robt., Private

Stuart, Peter, Private

West, John

White, Thomas, Private

Whittle, Thomas, Private

Wickens, Chas., Private

Wills, Wm., Private

98rd HIGHLANDERS.

Abbott, Thomas, Private

Adair, W., Private

Allan, Jas., Sergeant-Major

Allan, Robert, Private

Austin, Jas., Colour-Sergeant

Barber, T. (Barbour, Thos.), Private

Brooks, Jno., Private

Brown, Joseph, Private

Campbell, G., Private

Collins, Thos., Private

Cook, Alex., Private

Cook, James, Sergeant

Coull, Jno., Private (? Sergeant)

Cunningham, Robt., Private

Deas, Alex., Private

Devinc, James, Private

Douglas, Robt., Sergeant

Drummond, Wm., Private

Duncan, Alex., Private

Ellis, John, Private

Fraser, John, Private

Gibson, John

Gillespie, Wm., Private

Harpham, Wm., Private

Horn, J., Private

Hume, J., Private

Johnson, T. (or Johnston), Private

Kemp, John, Sergeant-Major

Lamb, Wm., Private

Livingstone, Wm., Private

Macpherson, John, Private

Mains, Alex., Private

Martin, Wm.

McBurnie, John, Private

McConville, Andrew, Private

McDonald, Alexander, Private

McDonald, William, Private

McKay, Andrew, Sergeant

McLeary, Wm., Private

McNair, David, Private

Miller, John, Colour-Sergeant

93rd Highlanders—Continued

Mitchell, William, Bandsman
 Moncrieffe, J., Private (Reserve)
 Morrison, G., Private
 Mowatt, Alex., Corporal
 Ogle, Wm., Private
 Paton, John (V.C.), Sergeant
 Polson, Wm., Private
 Rattray, John, Drum-Major
 Rough, Alex., Private
 Sage, Eliazar, Sergeant
 Shepherd, Thos., Private
 Stirling, James
 Thomson, James, Private
 Thomson, Wm., Private
 Wakefield, Richard, Private
 Watson, John, Private
 Webster, Wm., Private

95th REGIMENT.

Homey, George, Private

RIFLE BRIGADE.

Alger, Samuel
 Ansell, Fredk., Sergeant
 Anstey, Henry
 Atkins, Wm., Corporal
 Ayres, Wm., Private
 Ball, John, Sergeant
 Baxter, Henry, Private
 Beesley, John, Private
 Benn, Mark, Sergeant
 Billett, James
 Bowles, Henry, Private
 Bowles, Henry, Private

Brook, John (? Brooks), Private
 Brown, Adam, Acting-Corporal
 Brown, George, Corporal
 Buckley, Henry, Private
 Buller, George, Private
 Clark, John, Private
 Clayton, Wm., Private
 Coe, Joseph Abraham, Sergeant
 Colville, Edward, Private
 Cooley, Fredk., Private
 Cooley, Henry, Sergeant
 Cutler, Francis, Private
 Dawson, Thos., Sergeant
 Dennison, Henry, Col.-Sergeant
 Dobbinson, Alfred, Private
 Downton, Thos., Private
 Dudeney, James, Private
 Edwards, Charles
 Eteridge, John, Colour-Sergeant
 Evernden, G. W., Col.-Sergeant
 Farrell, James, Private
 Finch, George, Private
 Fisher, John, Private
 Freeman, John, Private
 Fry, Henry, Private
 Gatton, Geo., Private
 Golby, Geo., Private
 Gray, John, Private
 Griffiths, W. G., Private
 Hailey, John, Private
 Hartin, Robt., Sergeant
 Hawkins, James, Private
 Haynes, Wm., Lance-Sergeant
 Haynes, Wm., Private
 Heavens, Daniel, Private
 Henderson, Wm., Private

Rifle Brigade—Continued

Hendicar, Wm., (? Headacre)

Private

Higginbotham, Thos., Private

Higginson, Joseph, Col.-Sergeant

Hitchcock, W., Private

Hobson, Thos. Jos., Lance-Corporal

Holden, W., Private

Holem, Jas., Private

Houghton, Geo., Sergeant

Hudson, Albert, Private

Humphries, Jas., Private

Hunt, Francis, Private

Hurst, Benj., Sergeant

Jones, James, Private

Jones, John, Private

Jones, Richard, Private

Jones, Wm., Private

Jones, William, Private

Johnson, Joseph, Private

Kent, James, Private

Kilroy, John, Private

Kilham, Thomas, Private

Ladd, Thos., Private

Laker, Edw., Private

Laker, W. Private

Langford, Joseph (Phillips, Edward)
Private

Lawrence, Robt., Private

Jackett, Samuel, Private

Lynzell, Jas. H., Private

Manser, Wm., Private

Matthews, Henry, Sergeant

Morgan, John, Private

Morgan, P., Col.-Sergeant

Mose, James, Sergeant

Munro, W., Bandsman

Nash, Geo., Private

Neal, Anthony, Private

Newman, Jno., Private

O'Dowd, Louis, Private

Parsons, J. (Chas. Hastings)

Bugle-Major

Perman, Wm., Private

Phillips, Stephen Dickeson, Sergeant

Pickett, Thomas, Private

Preece, George, Private

Preston, Wm., Private

Price, Thomas, Private

Pittick, Wm., Private

Raybon, Charles, Private

Salter, Wm., Private

Sargood, W., Private

Sheen, Robt., Private

Shepherd, Wm., Private

Shorter, Richard, Private

Smith, Francis, Private

Smith, Godfrey, Private

Smith, John, Private

Solly, John, Private

Straight, Alfred, Private

Thompson, James, Private

Tillier (? Tillyer), Henry, Private

Walpole, Thomas, Private

Ward, James, Private

Ward, John, Private

Waterman, Jas., Private

Wells, John, Private

White, Wm., Private

White, Wm., Private

Rifle Brigade—Continued

Whitts, James, Sergeant
Wilcox, Geo., Acting Sergeant
Williams, Charles, Colour-Sergeant
Williams, W., Sergeant
Wilson, John, Private
Word, Wm., Private
Wyatt, Wm., Sergeant

97th REGIMENT.

Gill, Charles
Goodwin, John Wm., Private

**FIRST MADRAS FUSILIERS.
(101st).**

Acker, Henry, Private
Adams, John, Gunner
Arnold, Samuel, Private
Aspin, John, Private
Barker, Wm., Private
Baron, Alexander, Private
Boyles, Wm., Private
Bratt, Edward
Bryan, Wm., Private
Buller, John, Corporal
Butler, John, Private
Cagney, John, Corporal
Carroll, Edward, Drummer
Clark, Wm., Private
Cole, W., Private
Cooney, John, Private
Delaney, Patrick, Private
Dorrington, Hy., Private
Dowdeswell, Thos., Private
Evans, Corporal

Finnemore, Jas., Gunner
Garbett, Thos., Private
Godfrey, Wm., Private
Green, Wm., Private
Greenall, Joseph, Bombardier
Hailey, Joseph, Private
Harding, Christopher, Corporal
Harris, W. H., Private
Hartley, John, Private
Hawtin, Wm., Private
Heyworth, Robt. Gunner
Holt, Wm. Salmond, Private
Hutchings, Matthew, Private
Lewis, Robt., Gunner
Mann, Edwd., Qr.-Master-Sergeant
McCarthy, D., Private
McIntosh, Private
Meeney, Patrick, Private
Moss, Joseph, Private
Nelson, Wm., Gunner
O'Brien, Francis, Sergeant
Pike, Thomas, Private
Pitt, Thomas, Private
Porrington, Richard (Pordington, Richard), Private
Tritchard, Henry, Gunner
Robertson, Alexander, Corporal
Robinson, Samuel, Private
Ronayne, F. Garrett, Private
Runaham, Thos., Gunner
Russell, John, Private
Shaw, Wm., Gunner
Stanley, Edward, Corporal
Sullivan, John, Private

1st Madras Fusiliers—Continued

Titherington, Henry, Private

Webb, Joseph, Private

Weight, E., Sergeant

Wooldridge, John, Gunner

**2nd BENGAL FUSILIERS
(102nd).**

McCormack, Thos. Brown, Private

**BOMBAY FUSILIERS
(108rd)**

Walker, Thomas

**5th BENGAL EUROPEAN
INFANTRY.**

Burns, David, Private

106th REGIMENT.

Gavin, Daniel, Qr.-Master-Sergt.

MILITARY TRAIN.

Blamphin, Thomas

Burley, Patrick, Private

Buss, Richard, Private

Elliott, Robt. (M.L.O.), Sergeant-Major „

Holt, John, Sergeant-Farrier

Love, Thomas (*alias* Thos. Corbett) Private (? Staff-Sergt.-Ass.)**2nd MILITARY TRAIN**

Banks, Fredk., Sergeant

Collier, James, Private

Coombs, Richard, Trumpeter

Mason, Harry A., Corporal

McElroy, Geo., Sergeant

Prestley, Frank, Private

Young, T., Private,

80th REGIMENT.

Smith, John, Private

Sweeney, E., Private

THE PORTRAITS REPRODUCED IN THIS BOOK ARE TAKEN FROM THE COLLECTION OF AUGUSTIN RISCHGITZ



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